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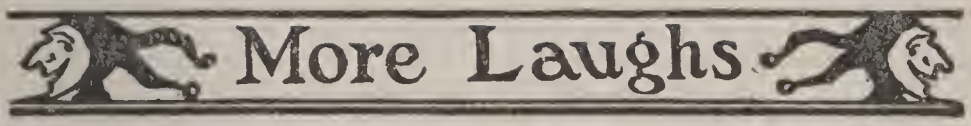
More Laughs

MORE LAUGHS

SHORT STORIES AND AMUSING ANECDOTES FOR A DULL HOUR

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY
HENRY MARTYN KIEFFER
Author of "The Recollections of a Drummer Boy," "It is to Laugh," "The Funnybone," "Laugh Again," etc.

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More Laughs

CONTENTS

Ad Man's Illustration, The 65
All Depends on the Spelling 80
All Things to All—Women 79
Appeasing the Baby 198
Apples and Onions 171
As Others See Us 124
At the Bar 121
"Aunt Jemima's Courtship" 75
Baffled 96
Better Method, A 143
Biblical Reason, A 37
Bishop Wily, The 42
Boomerang Echo, The 172
Boyish Accuracy 65
Boy's Elegy, A 142
"Brother Watkins" 70

More Laughs

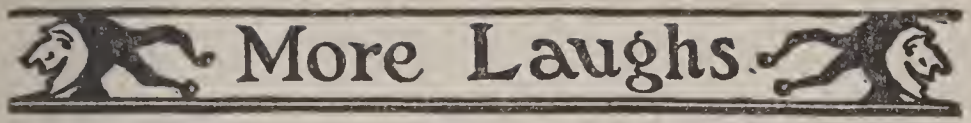
Bulky, Balky Book, A 108
By the Yard Only 119
Catch, The 188
Californiacs 17
Caught a Tartar 103
Caught Him on the Snorograph 150
Charge! 148
Charge, Another 148
"Check!" 105
Classical Slur, A 29
Cold Feet 70
Collateral Branch, A 56
Compliments 120
Couldn't Fight the Women 185
Couldn't Put Pat in a Hole 43
Dead Alive 194
Dead Horse, The 178
December and May 197
"De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bene" 159
Did You Ever Sing This? 113

More Laughs

Didn't Know Sheep 108
Didn't Like Crow 159
Didn't Read It Right 30
Didn't Speak Up 152
Don't Be too Curious 160
Down Off the Elephant 172
Down with It! 137
Edison Bulletin, The 24
"Eliminated Eggs" 163
"English as She Is Spoke" 213
Enough to Carry 66
Ever Been There Yourself? 84
Figuratively Speaking 220
Finger in the Pie, A 77
For the Blind 126
Free Delivery 158
Gargoyle, The 41
"Get Punished? Naw!" 176
Grafting a Scotchman 149
Granted 186

More Laughs

Gubernatorial Amenities 215
Guess It? 145
He Got His Desert 181
Heroic 57
Her Own Version 58
He Preferred the Bear 128
He Stopped Them 102
He Thought too Highly of Both 180
His Weather Eye 79
Home, Sweet Home 100
Hooray! 166
"Horse Sense" 129
Horse of Another Color, A 169
How to Write a Sermon 86
Humor in the Trenches 60
Hyphenated 142
Important Omission, An 115
Infinite Series, An 177
In Olden Days 35
Irish Moonshine 127



Irish Wit 173
"Is That the Lord?" 90
Jumping at Conclusions 162
Key West Cigar, A 201
Kilmaroo, The 195
Keen Scent, A 216
Lazy Dad 164
Lifting the Bishop 87
Literary-Tipperary 193
Made Him Homesick 83
Magic Love Potion, A 34
Masonic Sign, The 140
Melon Oil 179
Mighty Good Tip, A 210
Mister Jinks 123
Mixed 93
"Mutatis Mutandis" 155
Mutual Wish, A 176
Narrow Escape, A 131
National Color, The 136

Naturally! 146
"Ne Quid Nimis" 85
"Never Heard of Him" 37
New Use for Bibles, A 61
Next! 112
Nineteen Eighteen (1918) 184
Not a Comeback 111
Not Sir Walter Raleigh 64
Not Sure of Some of Them 157
Not With That Bunch 160
Not Worth the Difference 182
"Oh, Beg Pardon!" 89
Oh, Joy! 36
"Old Thad" 199
On a Descending Scale 200
Once Over, The 77
One on the Bishop 100
One on the Preacher 101
On the Wrong Scent 141
Out of Sight 161

More Laughs

Out of Pocket 203
Outrageous Beast! An 52
Patriotic 113
Peach Pie 55
Peddler's Comeback, The 144
Perfect Man, The 50
Philosophy of Holes, The 147
Piscatorial Limerick, A 88
Plausibility 167
Poetical Tail, A 103
Poison Ivy 118
Power of Suggestion, The 175
Predestinated! 67
Preferred the Bear 128
Q. E. D. 28
Quitters, A Pair of 191
Rare Works of Art 55
Reason, The 212
Red, a Good Bait 33
"Reel in!" 114

Remarkable Deliverance, A 128
Revenge! 138
Rhyme of Pure Reason, A 48
Ringing Farewell, A 98
Ruled Out 68
Ruling Passion, The 44
Saw the Point 125
Scotched! 203
Scrapple 208
Sectional Salvage 104
Self Advertised 169
She Found It 94
Simple Solution, A 122
Smoker's Puzzle, The 174
Snuffers, A Pair of 190
So to Speak 175
Speaking of Apples 168
Spoiled the Game 31
Spooner Again 170
Squatter Sovereignty 163

More Laughs

Stalled 217
Star Spangled Banner, The 20
Superstition 221
Swallow Homeward Flies, The 135
Tartar Witness, A 139
Telling Which from 'Tother 47
They Skedaddled 40
Tit for Tat 119
Tit for Tat (Another) 134
Too Inquisitive 69
Unfortunate Introduction, An 117
Used His Own Code 46
Vacuum Theology 117
Wanted to be There Himself 184
'Ware the Adjective! 88
Warm Prospect, A 138
Warning, A Fair—(Finis) 223
"Watch Your Step" 59
Wayside Barber Shop, A 178
Weary Conscience, A 106

Welcome Substitute, A 130
What a Pity! 74
Which? 95
Whole Soled 82
Why the Lamp Went Out 36
Witty Ambassador, A 19
Worked Both Ways 156
Woman and the Tramp, The 202
Wouldn't Carry It 51
Wrong Man, The 26
Zoo-logical 110

A FOREWORD

A Sense of Humor—why, that must be the gift that fairy godmothers bestow on those who are born under a lucky star, or with a caul over the face. It is the gift of those who are the most favored of the gods. And perhaps that is why it is so rare. It is a divine gift, a blessed gift, a gift that is more potent than beauty, more to be prized than wealth. To sense the humorous side of things, to find laughter where others often find aggravation—that helps to absorb, oh, so many of the hard bumps and the rude knocks of life.—Anon.

CALIFORNIACS

Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior, relates the following:

"We now come to California. Being a Californian, I must speak with some degree of modesty regarding that state, though that is said not to be the characteristic of the Californian.

"Let me tell you a story: I went over to Baltimore to speak to a Methodist Conference some time ago. I met there a splendid-looking man, with a long, flowing, white beard, and I said to him, 'Do you preach in this section of the country?' He said, 'Yes, sir. I come from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Have you ever been on the Eastern Shore?' I said, 'No, I am sorry to say that I have seen every beauty-spot in this whole country, I believe, but I have never seen that.'

" 'Well,' he said to me, 'we love that country.

I have been preaching there for sixty-six years. We are a strange people, and we have some strange legends, and one of them is that a long, long time ago, when Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden, they fell sick, and the Lord was very much disturbed about them, and he called a council of his angels, and wanted to know where they should be taken for a change of scene and air, so that they might improve.

"'The angel Gabriel suggested that they should be taken to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, but the Lord said, "No, no: that would not be sufficient change!"

"It is somewhat in that same spirit that every Californian speaks of California, and that is the reason why one of us has given the name Californiacs to all those of us who are expatriated like myself."

A WITTY AMBASSADOR

When Mr. Choate was Ambassador to England it was never difficult for any one with real business to see him, but he discouraged visits of curiosity or sociability during the hours that he devoted to the business of his country.

One day the nephew of Bishop W—— called. Mr. Choate was very busy.

"Take a chair," said the Ambassador politely, turning again to some papers that demanded his attention.

The visitor was impatient, and remarked loftily:

"But, sir, I am Bishop W——'s nephew!"

"Oh, in that case," said Mr. Choate, "take two chairs!"

Among British matrons regret was general over the departure from London of the gallant, keen, bright-eyed, clear-brained diplomat, "with whom Time seemed to jest." The

ladies had been allowed to sit in the gallery at a notable London banquet at which Mr. Choate spoke soon after his arrival. He won his place at once when he rose to speak. Looking at the faces above him, he exclaimed:

"Now I know what Scripture means when it says, 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

But amongst all his gallant remarks that one, which is most often repeated, stands easily first. When asked who he would rather be if he could not be Joseph H. Choate, he replied, "Mrs. Choate's second husband!"

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

vs.

"THE MARSEILLAISE"

Says "The Literary Digest": "The difficulties of our National Anthem appear in the following little drama, which reads like

the truth and nothing but the truth, as presented in 'Liaison.' 'The Courier of the Big-gun Corps,' published at Fortress Monroe, Virginia."

There is humor also in the little skit, for which Captain Earl W. Thompson assumes responsibility, as well as a glimpse into both French and American character. The little drama goes:

The Scene: A French café.

The Time: Soon after the Armistice had been signed.

The Characters: Four or five American sergeants, who had been drinking much vin blanc, better known among the elect as "vink blink," and the French proprietor, an elderly gentleman who, tradition said, had been through the battles of 1870.

One of the sergeants is seated at an ancient piano pounding out with much fervor the

strains of "La Marseillaise," while the other sergeants were singing it with as much quantity and as little quality as the occasion demanded.

Sergeants: "Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur,
Abreuve nos sillons."

(Much stamping of the feet and clinking of glasses.)

"Aux Français: next to America the greatest bunch of Bull-shooters in the wide, wide world!"

Proprietor: "Ah, ces Americains, you are too good to an old Frenchman. You make my heart glad as you sing so sweetly 'La Marseillaise.' And now you shall sing for me your own National Anthem, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

First Sergeant (whispering to Bill, the Sergeant Major, who has been acting as trans-

lator during the hard spots): "Say, Bill, for the love of The General Staff, pull off the Venerable Frog. Some of us may know all the first verse, but whoinell can hit that high note? None of us ever learned the second verse, and nobody ever heard the last verse. Bill, for the love of all that's good and holy, string him a line!"

Bill (also whispering): "Watch me, kid, watch me. I'm the Original Little Fixit. Listen to this line of Patter."

(To the Proprietor): "Merci, merci, monsieur, mais—'The Star Spangled Banner,' it is not proper to sing it here. It is a holy anthem, one that is not to be sung in the midst of revelery and the jests of a French bar room—even such an excellent one as yours, monsieur. It is a hymn, rather to be sung before going into battle with a fervor that approaches the religious. Hence, monsieur, we would rather

not, if you do not insist, sing our National Hymn here."

Proprietor (with much shrugging of shoulders): "C'est bien, messieurs, je comprends, vous avez raison. It is well that 'The Star Spangled Banner' means so much to you. Our 'Marseillaise'—we sing it even when we milk the cow in the barn. It is our song."

Curtain.

(Fast and furious.)

From the wings the Sergeants sing Pennsylvania's National Hymn: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

Darkness and Quiet.

THE EDISON BULLETS

Two negroes were walking along Ninth Avenue discussing the wonderful inventions brought about by the great World War.

"Yes, sah," one said, "an' a friend o' mine,

who knows all about it, says dis heah man Edison has done gone invented a magnetized bullet dat can't miss a German, kase if dere's one in a hundred yards de bullet is drawn right smack agin his helmet. Yes, sah, an' he's done invented anotha one, wid a return attachment. Whenever dat bullet don't hit nothin', it comes back right straight to de American lines!"

"Dat's what I calls inventin'," exclaimed the other. "But, say—how 'bout dem come-back bullets? What do dey do to keep 'em from hitin' ouah men?"

"Well, mah frien' didn't tell me 'bout dat, but, if Mr. Edison made 'em, you can bet youah life he's got 'em trained. You don't s'pose he'd let 'em kill any Americans, do you? No, sah. He's got 'em all fixt so's dey jes' ease back down aroun' de gunner's feet an' say, 'Boss, dey's all daid in dat trench. Send me to a live place whar I kin do somethin'.' "

THE WRONG MAN

Captain White was a steamship captain. He had made many successful voyages across the great waters. He is fond of relating the following:

"On one voyage over I was bringing to this country a cargo of some six or eight hundred Russian immigrants, mostly Jews. I knew them to be a very religious and a very excitable lot of people and I was anxious that nothing should occur on the voyage to rouse them up and create any excitement.

"On the fifth day out I learned that a man had died in room number twenty-one. Desiring to keep the news from my passengers, I called up my Irish steward, and I said in a half whisper:

" 'Pat, there's a man has just died in room number twenty-one. Now, I don't want this

to get abroad amongst the passengers, they are so excitable, you know. So I'll tell you what we'll do. To-night, after they are all down and sound asleep, you just quietly slip into that room, wrap the dead man in a good bit of canvas, cord him up well, and put a heavy weight to his feet and slip him over the rail.'

"Says Pat, saluting, 'I'll do it, Captain, or me name isn't McGinnis.' "

Three days later the Captain, being in that part of the vessel and thinking of the dead man, opened the door of room number twenty-one, and there lay the dead man, cold and stiff. in his bunk!

He called up the Irish steward,. "Pat," said he, "didn't I tell you to throw that dead man overboard three days ago?"

Says Pat, respectfully saluting, "And didn't I do it, sure?"

"But," says the Captain, "I find the dead

man still in his room, room number twenty-one."

"Twenty-one?" queried Pat with astonishment. "Captain, dear, you said it was in room thirty-one."

"And did you go into room thirty-one and throw a man out?"

"I did that, Captain, dear, according to orders."

"But, was the man dead?" asked the Captain.

"Well," said Pat, scratching his head, "he said he wasn't—but these blamed foreigners they lie so that a man can't believe a word they say, an' so I just tied him up an' shoved him overboord!"

Q. E. D.

A good story is told of a reply given by a student to a question set in an examination paper:

"If twenty men reap a field in eight hours,"

ran the question, "how long will it take fifteen men to reap the same field?"

The student struggled hard mentally with this proposition. He thought it over long and carefully before setting down the answer. And when he handed in his paper, this is what the examiner read:

"The field having been already reaped by the twenty men, it could not be reaped again by the fifteen men!"

A CLASSICAL SLUR

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?"

"So it is."

"Then why do you call her Peggy?"

"Short for Pegasa."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, Pegasa is feminine for Pegasus."

"Well?"

"Well, Pegasus was an immortal steed."

"And what of that?"

"Sh! Not so loud! She's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag—and there you are!"

DIDN'T READ IT RIGHT

Jenkins' wife was away on a visit. Now, Jenkins was a very busy man. He believed not in lengthy communications. In letter writing particularly, brevity was the very soul of excellence.

He loved his wife devotedly, enjoyed hearing from her often, and always devoured her brief letters with the keen appetite of an enthusiastic lover. But, to wade through a long drawn out letter of sixteen pages was to him an utter waste of time and eyesight.

So, one day his heart danced with delight at the receipt of the following from her—a per-

fect gem of a thing, so short and sweet—and so to the point. Here is the letter:

M.d.l.

I.b.s.d.f.t.n.a.n.o.t.W.m.f,

Mary.

He read it:

"My darling love.

"I barely sleep, dearest, for thinking night after night of thee. With much faith, Mary."

Whereas he should have read it thus:

"Money down low. I bought silk dress for thirty nine at Newburg's on tic. Wire me fifty. Mary."

HE SPOILED THE GAME

A game warden heard that a certain restaurant was serving game out of season. He disguised himself with a false beard, visited the place and ordered a pheasant.

The pheasant, delicately high, like Roque-

fort cheese, as all good pheasants should be, was served to the game warden, and he devoured it to the last morsel, at the same time inflicting severe punishment on a bottle of rare old Burgundy—for the State, of course, paid for all.

At the end of his repast the warden summoned the proprietor and said, "I arrest you in the name of the Law!"

The proprietor's mouth opened in astonishment. He swallowed two or three times, and then gasped, "Wh—what for?"

"For serving me a pheasant out of season," said the game warden.

A look of infinite relief appeared on the proprietor's face as he said:

"Oh, that's all right. That wasn't pheasant—it was CROW!"

RED, A GOOD BAIT

Mrs. Blank had in her employ a colored maid who belonged to a "Funeral Club," which binds all its members to attend every funeral of a member upon receipt of notification.

One afternoon Dinah's mistress saw her come down the stairs, ready to go out, dressed in a bright scarlet dress, with a large scarlet willow plume in her hat, and a red parasol in her hand.

"Why, Dinah, I thought you were going to a funeral this afternoon," said Mrs. Blank.

"Yessum, I'se gwine to de funeral, all right," said Dinah.

"But, Dinah—you ought not to wear red to a funeral," said the mistress. "You ought to be dressed quietly in a dark dress."

Dinah poked the toe of her shoe with the point of her parasol, and meditated a moment and then said:

"Well, Ah reckon Ah won't go back an' change now. Ah'll jest wear this."

Some three weeks later Dinah approached her mistress and told her that she was going to leave, because she was going to be married.

Mrs. Blank expressed her astonishment. She did not know that Dinah even had an admirer. Dinah simpered, and twisted the corner of her apron and said:

"No, I didn't have one till jist lately. Does you remember dat funeral Ah went to see one time when Ah wore my red dress? Well, missus, dat red dress was what done de business, for dat particular shade o' red done gone an' kotched de eye o' de corpse's husband!"

A MAGIC LOVE POTION

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a Seventh

daughter of a Seventh daughter for a Love Powder. The Mystery Woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of good and juicy beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice a big onion exactly in two, and rub the meat on both sides with the pieces, seven times with each piece. Then put on pepper and salt and toast it slowly on each side over a red coal fire. Then drop on seven lumps of fresh butter, and seven sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so—and her husband loved her ever thereafter.

IN OLDEN DAYS

An irate Neolithic man,
His anger to assuage,
Once stoned a peaceful mastodon—
'Twas in the Stony Age.
His simply costumed lady-love,
Who dearly loved to pun,

Remarked, with sparkling, roguish eyes—
"What has the Mastodon?"

OH, JOY!

Whatever else may happen,
Since Our Country has gone dry,
The sailor still will have his Port,
The farmer have his Rye:
The cotton still will have its Gin,
The sea-coast have its Bar:
And each of us will have a Bier,
No matter where we are.

WHY THE LAMP WENT OUT

In the parlor there were three—
She, the parlor lamp and he:
Two is company, no doubt—
And so the little lamp went out!

More Laughs

A BIBLICAL REASON

A bashful curate found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left.

Not long afterward he met the curate who had succeeded him. "Well," he asked, "how do you get along with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other. "There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah!" was the quick reply. "Safety in Numbers? I could find it only in Exodus!"

"NEVER HEARD OF HIM"

It occurred at a Democratic political mass meeting, held in Jersey City near the close of the Presidential campaign of 1900. James A. Hammill, of Jersey City, later a member of the House of Representatives, was the first speaker. He addressed himself to the theme of anti-imperialism. He assailed the Philip-

pine policy of the McKinley administration, declaring that it saddled an alien and weaker people with a government in which they had no share, and that the exploitation of the islands was undermining the principles of American life. "As Oliver Goldsmith well said," concluded Mr. Hammill,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

After Mr. Hammill had finished, the late Representative, Allen L. McDermott, arrived and was introduced to the audience. He also made an anti-imperialistic speech, exclaiming that the sacred principles of American government were corroded by the greed of conquest. "I can do no better," he concluded, "than to repeat the warning so well phrased by Oliver Goldsmith,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a
prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men
decay."

The third speech of the evening was delivered by William J. Bryan, then a candidate for the Presidency. He arrived late from another meeting, in entire ignorance of the nature of the previous addresses. This was his peroration:

"I want a government based on right and justice, a government in which the lowest man shall be able to realize his energies in every field of action. . . . I want a government in which the least citizen shall be permitted to accomplish his destiny without being subject to any limitation, except those which God has placed upon him. As Oliver Goldsmith has truly said——"

At this point the chairman of the meeting

felt some one nudging him in the ribs. He turned to find his neighbor, a large, fat and perplexed man, who whispered:

"What's this fellow Goldsmith running for, anyway?"

THEY SKEDADDLED

It is related that, the other day in Newark, a man appeared in the entrance to one of the theaters and said to an attendant, "I want to go in there. My wife's in there in company with another man, and I've got a gun in my pocket, and I'm going to kill them both."

In order to avoid a rumpus the attendant quickly 'phoned to the manager, and he at once appeared on the stage and said:

"I understand there is a man at the entrance who says his wife is in the audience with another man, and he is coming in to shoot them both. As we don't want any disturbance,

I would suggest to the couple that there is a rear entrance by which they can quietly leave——"

Before he had finished his merciful announcement, not less than eleven couples arose and made for that rear door!

THE GARGOYLE

The Gargoyle often makes its perch
On a cathedral or a church,
Where, mid ecclesiastic style,
It smiles an early Gothic smile.
And while the parson, dignified,
Spouts at his weary flock inside,
The Gargoyle, from its lofty seat,
Spouts at the people in the street,
And, like the parson, seems to say
To those beneath him, "Let us spray."
I like the Gargoyle best: it plays
So cheerfully on rainy days,

While the parson (no one can deny)
Is an awful damper when he's dry.
—Oliver Herford, in Scribner's.

THE WILY BISHOP

The following is related of the late Dr. John Strachan, the first Bishop of Toronto:

A delegation had been appointed from a certain parish to prefer charges against their rector. It was in the days of written sermons, and amongst other things they alleged that their parson had a whole barrel of them, and that he turned the barrel over every year, and that on the last Sunday he had preached the same sermon as on the Sunday before! "What was the text?" asked the Bishop in broad Scotch. None of them could remember. And then the Bishop said, "I will write to him and tell him to preach that same sermon the next Sunday so that ye may remember

the text." With equal shrewdness the good Bishop brushed aside other equally futile complaints. The delegation then played their trump card, with little of the confident hope, however, that had possessed them at the outset of the interview—"He buys whisky by the bottle!" "He does, does he!" exclaimed the Bishop, "the extravagant man! I will tell him to buy it by the barrel. I always do. It is much cheaper to buy it that way. Good morning."

COULDN'T PUT PAT IN A HOLE

They had taken Pat in as a new hand at the lumber yard, and just by way of testing his mettle, a few days after his employment, the head of the firm told the new hand that he was going out for a while and he would be left in charge of the office. He was particularly cautioned to stay close by the telephone and take all orders that might come in. The Boss

then went around the corner to a neighbor's office and rung Pat up. The call said:

"This is Dingleberry's. We want to put in a rush order for a thousand A No. 1 Knot Holes, to be delivered tomorrow morning not later than nine o'clock."

Back came the answer without a moment's hesitation, "Sorry, Mr. Dingleberry, we can't fill your order. Haven't a blissed knothole on the primises. We jist filled an order for all the knotholes we had in stock, an' there isn't another one left."

"What's that? Sold them all? Who took them?"

"Bergstein's Brewery got 'em—they used 'em all up for bung-holes in their beer barrels!"

THE RULING PASSION

Solomon was looking over the rail of the stern of the vessel that was carrying him to

America, the great Land of Opportunity. As he cast his eye over the tossing sea he saw a whale steadily following the great ship.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Look! Vot iss dot?"

"A whale," said the sailor men.

"Undt fer vot iss he follerin' us?"

"Wants something to eat," they said. "He eats any old thing. Here, throw him this stool and watch him take it in."

Solomon cast the three-legged stool to the monster. It was promptly devoured. Excited and astonished, Solomon looked around for something else to heave overboard, and, a box of lemons being handy, he let that go, and was amazed to see the monster gulp it down without so much as a wink.

Then Solomon became so excited that he quite lost his head. And in his excitement he became so dizzy that he fell over the rail, and the whale promptly took him in.

"Man overboard!" shouted the starboard watch, and all hands manned the harpoon gun and let go. With huge difficulty they tugged the monster on deck, quickly ripped him open—and what d'ye suppose they found? There was Solomon, sitting on the three-legged stool with the box of lemons in front of him, calling out in a lusty voice, "Lemmens! Lemmens! Three fer five!"

USED HIS OWN CODE

An engineer, who was repairing a railroad line in South Africa, found a cozy farmhouse, which he proceeded to occupy.

Promptly came a telegram which read: "G. T. M. wants house."

The engineer wondered who "G. T. M." might be. On inquiry he found it referred to the general traffic manager.

"All right," he murmured, "if he can use hieroglyphics, so can I."

So he wired back: "G. T. M. can G. T. H."

Two days later there came a very indignant and self-important gentleman. It was the general traffic manager. In coldly polite terms he asked the engineer what he meant by sending such an insolent message to his superior?

The engineer said innocently, "Why, it wasn't insolent at all."

"Wasn't insolent, eh?" snorted the great man. "What do you mean then by saying I can G. T. H.?"

"Simply an abbreviation," explained the engineer sweetly. "I wired that the G. T. M.—the general traffic manager—can G. T. H.—get the house!"

TELLING WHICH FROM 'TOTHER

A Georgia "Cracker" tells this story on his own people. He says a Northern man, who

had settled in Georgia, was visited by a friend who asked him how he liked the place and the people.

"Oh, all right," replied the man.

"But, tell me," asked the friend, "what is a 'Georgia Cracker?' "

"Well," replied the Northern settler, "you see that black object out there in that field?"

The Northerner looked in the direction indicated and said that he saw it.

"Now," said the man, "that may be one of two things. It may be either a 'Georgia Cracker' or a stump. You just stand here and watch it closely for half an hour and you will find out which it is. If it moves—why, it's a stump!"

A RHYME OF PURE REASON

A Christian Science Proselyte
Alone upon a mountain height,

Was pondering upon the vain
Belief in non-existent pain,
How nervous Dread of any kind
Was an Illusion of the Mind—
When, coming down the mountain-side,
A Dreadful Lion he espied.
The Proselyte said, "Mercy me!"
And quickly scuttled up a Tree.
Next morning, at the rise of sun,
There came an unconverted one,
Who saw the Proselyte at bay,
And drove the hungry Beast away.
The Cynic said, "Aha! I see
Your Claim has got you up a Tree!"
"Your judgment," said the Proselyte,
"Arises from Imperfect Sight.
A Lion, to a soul refined,
Is an illusion of the Mind."
"If that's the case," the Cynic said,
"Why show these human signs of Dread?

Why pass the night, secure from harm,
In yonder elevated palm?"
"Friend," said the Saint, "if you but knew—
This Tree is but an Illusion, too.
When in a Jungle far from Home,
Where purely Mental Lions roam,
It puts me more at ease to be
Up some Imaginary Tree."
"How great is Mind!" the Stranger cried—
And went his way quite Eddy-fied.

THE PERFECT MAN

They were holding a monster Suffragette meeting in the Town Hall, and a famous oratress was holding forth, making a satirical tirade against the boasted superiority of the male sex. Said she, "Who ever saw a perfect man? If there is any one here who has, I trust he will at once stand up and testify."

A man got to his feet away back in the audience. "Well?" said she, "let's have it. You have seen a perfect man. Where is he?"

"I don't just know where he is at the present writing," was the answer. "I wish to gracious he could be here to speak for himself, but unfortunately he is dead. The only perfect man I ever heard of is—my wife's first husband."

WOULDN'T CARRY IT

She was Amazonian, but her husband was rather undersized—a not infrequent matrimonial combination. She had with much care prepared a fine banner, properly inscribed, and she intended to carry it herself in the great Suffragette parade, but when the time came for the parade she was prevented by some slight indisposition from taking part. She therefore called up her husband and gave him

the banner, telling him to be sure to carry it for her. He said, "Yes'm," rolled up the banner, took it under his arm and joined the procession. From an upper window she watched the procession go by, but looked in vain for her own banner, her husband marching along solemnly at the tail of the parade. After it was all over, she called him up and wanted to know why he had not done as she had commanded him—and she had a slipper in her hand. He protested that he had carried it. "Yes," said she, "you carried it under your arm. But why didn't you unroll it?"

"How could I?" was his plea. "For it reads—'If MEN can vote, why can't I?'"

AN OUTRAGEOUS BEAST!

A party nominee for superintendent of schools in a Middle Western county, in which

a large city is situated, had to take an examination at the State capitol to test his qualifications before the law would permit his name to be placed on the ballot.

He passed the examination, although with none too high an average, but the fun of it was that in the midst of the campaign the incumbent, a woman, who did not like the candidate any too well, got hold of his examination papers and turned a copy of them over to an opposition newspaper, and that is how the joke got out.

His answers to a number of questions were very laughable, but one of them in particular was regarded as so very amusing that all effort at keeping it from the general public failed.

The question was, "Define jeopard." This was a sore puzzle to the political aspirant to high educational honors, but he boldly tackled it and wrote: "A jeopard is a strange kind of

an animal, not often met with except in tropical countries, a kind of cross between a ferocious member of the cat tribe and a rhinoceros!"

Then, a cartoonist on the opposition newspaper drew daily pictures of the candidate's "Jeopard," that made everybody in the city and county laugh uproariously. Many said that if they were in the politician's place, they would withdraw from the ticket, pack up and leave the State.

Not he. He would do no such thing. He would stay on the ticket. And he did—and was elected. It made him popular, for he said that while the joke was a big one, it did not necessarily stamp him as incompetent, as nobody can know everything, and mistakes happen in the best regulated families. But, what an opportunity for the naughty school-

boys in his district to draw funny pictures on their slates when his back was turned!

PEACH PIE

They were husband and wife, and they stood before the Capitol in Washington. She asked him, "What's that figure on top?" "That's a goddess," he answered. "And, what's a goddess?" she queried. "A goddess," replied he, "is a woman who holds her tongue." She looked at him sideways, and then began planning how to make a peach pie with the stones in it, for the benefit of his sore tooth.

RARE WORKS OF ART

At a sale of machine-made oil paintings there was one of Niagara, in blue and green water, and white moonlight, and green grass and gray rocks. "That is a very rare picture,

sir, a very rare picture," remarked the illustrious artist who presided over the auction. "Rare, eh?" queried Mr. Gottrich, who was looking over the collection. "Rare? Oh, yes, I see. Not well done!"

A COLLATERAL BRANCH

On meeting the new Parish Rector a dear old lady belonging to one of the sects said, "Pray, Mr. Matthews, will you tell me, please, just what you Episcopalians mean by the Apostolic Succession?" "Certainly, my dear madam," replied the Rector, who was a little given to practical jokes. "You see, my name is Matthews; I am regularly descended from Matthew the Publican." "O!" she answered, "how lovely! And how about Mr. James, the Rector of St. Mark's?" "Why, don't you know—James, the brother of John, sons of Zebedee?" "Why, yes, certainly. But, how

about Bishop Green?" This puzzled our reverend friend for an instant, but only for an instant, for he soon brightened up and replied, "Why, Bishop Green derived the succession through his mother's family!"

HEROIC

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary, and I would gladly reiterate the promise now," he replied. "No Roman of old, however brave, was ever fired with a loftier ambition or a braver resolution than am I."

"Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me."

"Speak, Mary; what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife, Tom. We've been fooling long enough!"

HER OWN VERSION

A little Connecticut girl, aged two and a half years, was allowed to go to church on Christmas Sunday on condition she would not talk out loud, but she could join in the singing.

The first hymn happened to be "Joy to the World," sung to "Old Antioch." She recognized the tune and felt her opportunity had come. But, unfortunately, the only words she associated with the tune were not the words of Isaac Watts. This made no difference, and the people in the pews in her neighborhood were convulsed to hear a high, childish voice

ringing clear above the voices around her: "There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise. He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes!" Especially effective was the repeat of the last line, when, instead of hearing, "And Heaven, and Heaven and Nature sing," they heard, "And scratched, and scratched out both his eyes!"

"WATCH YOUR STEP"

Whene'er I have to cross a street,
  I stop, and look and listen,
For fear that I might chance to meet
  A benzine-buggy, whizzin'.

I cock my ear, I crane my neck,
  And twist my eyes behind me:
And afterwards it takes, by Heck,
  An hour to unwind me!

I'm growing cross-eyed, bow-legged, bum:
My neck is on a swivel:
But when I scoot across, by gum,
I run just like—all sixty.

Oh, Land o' Freedom! How I sweat
And how I swear at "speeders"—
But my experience, I bet,
Is that of all my readers.

"Old Vet."

HUMOR IN THE TRENCHES

One of the most amusing occurrences in the great World War, coming straight from the trenches in Flanders, the first Christmas of the war, is the following:

The German boys had whittled a large hand out of a board, painted it red and stuck it up in front of their trench, the index finger pointing skywards, and a placard below, reading: "GOTT MIT UNS."

The Canadians on the opposite side read the sign English-wise, of course, and hurried to put up a similar sign on their side. They whittled a rude hand out of a board, drew an old mitten over it and set it up, with a sign reading:

"WE GOT MITTENS TOO!"

A NEW USE FOR BIBLES

The "Literary Digest" quotes an amusing account from a war book entitled, "Between the Lines," by Boyd Cable.

The English Bible Society having presented each of the Tommies in a certain Battery with a Bible for use at the front, when the Battery moved up to the fighting line all of the Bibles were left behind with the Battery Kit on reserve—all but one copy. This was duly carried by a man familiarly known as "Pint o'

Bass," who used his Bible daily, as the following shows:

"Bein' pocket Testaments, they was made o' the thinnest kind o' paper, an' Bass tole me the size worked out exactly right at two fags to the page. 'E started on the Creation, just about the time o' Mons, an' by the time we'd got back to the Aisne 'e was near through Genesis. All the time we was workin' up thro' France again, Bass's smokes was workin' down thro' Exodus, an' 'e begun to worry about whether the Testament would carry 'im through the campaign. The other fellers that 'ad their tongues 'anging out for a fag uster go an' borrow a leaf o' Bass whenever they could raise a bit o' 'baccy, but at last Bass he shut down on these here loans.

"'Where's your own Testament?' he'd say. 'You was served out one same as me, wasn't you? Lot o' irreligious wasters! Got a Bible

give' you an' can't take the trouble to carry it! You'd ha' sold them Testaments at sixpence a sack in Woolwich, if there'd been buyers at that price—which there weren't. An' now you comes beggin' a page o' mine! Encouragin' thriftlessness, as the Adjutant 'ud call it; an', besides, 'ow do I know 'ow long this war's goin' to last, or when I'll see a fag or a fag-paper again? I'll be a smokin' Deuteronomy an' Kings long afore we are over the Rhine, an' mebbe,' he says, turnin' over the pages with 'is thumb, an' tearin' out the Children o' Israel carefully by the roots, 'mebbe I'll be reduced to smokin' the inscription, "To our dear Soldier Friend," on the fly leaf afore I gets a chance to loot some baccyshop in Berlin. No,' 'e says. 'No. You go an' smoke a corner o' "The Petit Journal," an' good enough for you, you unprovident, sacrilegious blighters, you—givin' away your own good Testaments!' "

NOT SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English Literature at Oxford, recently arrived in New York, having been invited to lecture at Harvard and other American universities.

An American colleague, temporarily resident in London, wrote to a friend in the United States to meet Sir Walter on his arrival on the pier at New York, but supplied no other description of him except that he was "a very tall man." The friend has just written to London: "I watched several quite tall men come down the gangplank, and when I saw one who I thought might be Raleigh, I walked up to him and said, 'Excuse me, sir; are you Sir Walter Raleigh?' He happened to be a very typical Westerner and not the professor of English Literature at Oxford, as I saw when he replied, 'No, sir; I am not Sir Walter Raleigh: I am Christopher Columbus!'"

That "money talks," I'll not deny:
May be quite true:
But—it more often says "good-bye"
Than "how-de-do."

THE AD MAN'S ILLUSTRATION

When a duck lays an egg, she just walks off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg, there's a whole world of noise.

The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' eggs rather than ducks' eggs. It pays to advertise. See?

BOYISH ACCURACY

The agent approached the house. He met a little boy at the gate. He courteously inquired:

"My little man, is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir, she is," was the polite response.

The agent walked across the long lawn and, after rapping several times without receiving an answer, he returned to the youth, saying:

"I thought you said your mother was at home."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the boy.

"But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer."

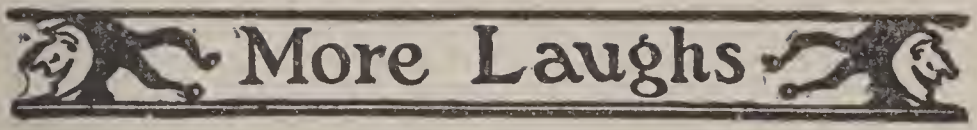
"That may be, sir," said the boy. "I don't live here!"

ENOUGH TO CARRY

A strange minister came to the Episcopal church at Williamsport, to speak at the meeting.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector.

"Surplus!" cried the visitor. "Surplus! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surpluses? All I know about is a Deficit!"



PREDESTINATED!

General Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate army, was once riding in an omnibus with a part of his staff, when Major Wells Hawks told this story as they rode along:

"In early Colonial days one of the Pilgrim fathers was going out into the woods. He was carrying a gun. He met a man, who said:

" 'Where are you going?'

" 'I'm going out into the woods.'

" 'Why do you carry your gun?'

" 'I might meet an Indian.'

" 'I thought you were a Calvinist.'

" 'And so I am. I'm a Calvinist.'

" 'Don't you believe you can't die before your time comes?'

" 'Yes, I know I can't die before my time comes.'

" 'Then why do you carry a gun?'

"'Because I might meet an Indian whose time had come!'

"And Stonewall laughed."

RULED OUT

Lady Southampton was once talking to the late Queen Victoria about the hereafter, and said:

"Do you not think, Your Majesty, that one of the joys of the future state will not only be the reunion with long lost friends, but also the opportunity of meeting for the first time the noble figures of Biblical history? Is it not pleasant to think that Abraham will be there, and Isaac and Jacob? Moses will be there, too, and the sweet singer of Israel, David. Yes, he will be there, too."

Here the Queen pursed up her lips, shook her head emphatically and said:

"No. I will positively not meet David!"

TOO INQUISITIVE

Mark Twain did not cherish any fondness for the office boy. He had an idea that this presiding genius was altogether insufferable, and invariably when the great humorist entered some business office, war was declared and hostilities opened between him and the boy.

One day Mark went to see a friend at his office, and the office boy, on guard, in icy tones demanded:

"Whom do you wish to see?"

Mark mentioned his friend's name.

"What do you wish to see him about?" came next from the boy.

Mark Twain immediately froze up and then, with a most genial smile he said:

"Tell him, please, that I wish to ask his hand in holy matrimony."

More Laughs

COLD FEET

A young man died. At least all his friends thought he was dead: but he was really only in a state of coma. When he "came to" in ample time to avoid being buried alive, he was asked how it felt to be dead?

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all the time what was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well," said he, "it was this way. I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry, and I knew that if I were in the other place—my feet certainly wouldn't be cold!"

"BROTHER WATKINS"

The following interesting discourse was delivered by a Southern Divine who had re-

moved to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on his first day of ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved Brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting from my old congregation.

"On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sot the old fathers and mothers in Israel. The tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad 'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"Beneath them sot the middle-aged men and matrons. Health and vigor breathed from every countenance, and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"Behind them sot the boys and girls that

I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"Around the back seats and in the aisles stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts; and as I looked upon them I could see—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the Brethering-ah, I passed out to take a last look at the old church-ah! The broken steps, the flopping blinds and moss-covered roof suggested only—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"I mounted my old gray mare, with all my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and, as I passed down the street, the servant girls stood in the doors and with their brooms

waved me a—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees and moaned—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a 'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say as best they could—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence-corner, with 'Ahoo! Ahoo!'—and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my

old gray mare ran up the hill, and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—'Fare ye well, Brother Watkins-ah!'

"I tell you, my Brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years-ah!"

WHAT A PITY!

In the southern part of Arkansas, where the natives take things easy, a man and his wife were sitting on their porch, when a funeral procession passed their house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair that was tilted against the house and was whittling a piece of wood. As the procession passed he said:

"I reckon ole man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around yere, Car'line."

"A purty good-sized one, is it, Bud?" queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"It certainly is," Bud replied.

"I surely would like to see it," said the woman. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way!"

"AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP"

Father and I were sitting in the house sorter quiet and still, when father says to me, "Jemima," and I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Wasn't there a rap at the door?" And I sez sez I, "No, sir."

Arter a while father sez, "Jemima," and I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "Are you sure?" And I sez sez I, "Not exactly." So I opened the door—and there stood a man.

The man came in. The man he talked, and father he talked. They talked about the farms,

they talked about the crops, they talked about politics and about all other kinds of ticks.

Arter a while father he sez to me, "Jemima," and I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez sez I, "I suppose so." I goes to the cellar and draws a pitcher of cider.

The man he drinks, and father he drinks. And by and by father he sez sez he, "Jemima." And I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "I suppose it's soon time I am thinking about going to bed!" And I sez sez I, "You are the best judge of that yourself."

So I got his slippers and dressing gown, and he prepares and goes to bed. And there sot that man and I.

My heart was in my throat. Sez he to me, "Jemima." And I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez sez I, "No, sir."

He begun hitchin' his cheer up close. Sez he, "Jemima." And I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez sez I, "NO, SIR!"

By that time he had both his arms around my waist—and I didn't have the heart to take them away.

Sez he to me, "Jemima." And I sez sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez sez he, "For the third and last time—I shan't ask you again—WILL YOU HAVE ME?"

And I sez, sez I, "YES, SIR!"—for I didn't know what else to say, sir.

A FINGER IN THE PIE

The old Scotch Professor was trying to impress upon his students the value and importance of the habit of observation.

"No," he complained, "ye dinna use your

faculties of observation. Ye have them, but ye dinna use them. For instance——"

Picking up a pot of chemicals of a horrible odor, he stuck his finger into it, and his finger then into his mouth.

"Taste of it, gentlemen," he commanded, as he passed the pot from student to student.

After each had licked a finger, and had felt a rebellion through his whole soul, the old Professor laughed in triumph:

"I told ye so!" he shouted. "Ye dinna use your faculties of observation. For, if ye had observed ye would ha' seen that the finger which I stuck into the pot was na' the finger which I stuck into my mouth!"

ALL THINGS TO ALL—WOMEN

A lady stopping at a hotel on the Pacific coast rang the bell the first morning of her

arrival, and was very much surprised when a Japanese boy opened the door and came in.

"I pushed the button three times for a maid," she said sternly, as she dived under the bed covers.

"Yes," blandly replied the little fellow, "Me she!"

HIS WEATHER EYE

Two ladies were hurrying down the street in the rain, carrying their umbrellas low for protection. In turning a corner sharply, the point of one umbrella struck a passer-by in the forehead.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the woman, "I'll keep an eye out in the future."

"Thank you, madam," exclaimed the man. "You nearly had one out in the present."

"Smoke these cigars. You can't get better!" So a sign read in a downtown store. And the

sign told the simple truth, for I smoked one, and I couldn't get better. In fact, I got worse the longer I smoked it.

ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU SPELL IT

He was a bashful young man, and he was invited to dinner, and he was paired with the most beautiful young woman in the party. His seat at the table was in front of the roast fowl, which he was to carve. And there was also a fried sole in front of him. And he had never done any carving in his life, for he was a bachelor.

But he made the best of the situation by asking the lady at his side "what she would have?"

"A little of the sole," she replied.

He began to cut off a slice of the chicken breast.

"No, no, the sole," she whispered.

Now—where was the soul of a hen? He thought for a minute, and then attacked the wing.

"The sole, the sole!" cried the lady.

He looked for the feet, but no soles were left, so he tried a drumstick. But she still shook her head and said, "No, I only want a piece of the sole."

Then the young man rose in his wrath, stuck a fork through the fowl and put the whole business on the woman's plate.

"Take it!" he shouted, "take it, body, soul and all, for I give it up!"

Then he helped himself to the fish, and to some of the white meat of the chicken, and sat back and had a good time, like a sensible man.

WHOLE SOLED

Tennyson would have seen nothing for lamentation in the report that the store boots of the French army are thirty years old. For the poet clung to his old boots, and William Allingham, in his diary for 1881, noted:

"Browning dined at Tennyson's last night. Tennyson in great force. He said, 'This pair of dress boots is forty years old.' We looked at them, and I said it was a good evidence of the immortality of the sole!"

The Grocer: "Hey, there! What are you running so fast for, sonny?"

The Boy: "I'm tryin' to keep two fellers from fightin'."

The Grocer: "And, who are the fellows?"

The Boy: "Why, Bill Perkins and me."

MADE HIM HOMESICK

A man walking into a restaurant inadvertently left the door open. Another man, who was eating his lunch, immediately yelled:

"Shut the door, you fool! Where were you raised—in a barn?"

The man who had left the door open submissively closed it and, dropping into a seat, buried his face in his hands and began to weep.

Then the big man began to look uncomfortable and, finally rising, walked up to the weeper and tapped him on the shoulder.

"My friend," he said, "I didn't intend to hurt your feelings. I just wanted you to close the door."

The man who was weeping raised his head and grinned.

"Old man," he said, "I'm not crying because

you hurt my feelings, but because you asked me if I was raised in a barn. The fact is, I was raised in a barn, and every time I hear an ass bray it makes me homesick."

EVER BEEN THERE YOURSELF?

The magistrate had before him a negro woman charged with inhuman treatment of her child.

The evidence was clear and abundant that the woman had severely beaten the youngster, about nine years old, who was in court to produce his battered condition.

Before imposing sentence his Honor asked the woman whether she had anything to say in her own defense.

"Kin I ax yo' Honah a question?" inquired the prisoner.

"Go ahead," said the Judge, and all the court room listened.

"Well, then, yo' Honah, I'd like to ax yo' whether yo' was evah the parient of such a puffeckly wuthless culled chile?"

"NE QUID NIMIS"

Donald was an old Scotch beadle who officiated in a highland kirk where the minister, never a bright star at any time, was given to long and rambling sermons. A stranger once asked him his opinion of the sermons.

"Ah, weel," replied Donald, "ye'll no get me to say aught against them, for they're a' verra guid; but I'll just remark this much—the beginnin' is aye ower far fro' the endin', and it wad greatly improve the force o' it if he left out a' that com' in atween."

HOW TO WRITE A SERMON

It looks easy, but it isn't. A woman once said, "I don't think it is hard to prepare a

sermon. I could easily do it if I once had a text." And then a bystanding clergyman said, "Madam, I will give you a text. The text is this, "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop alone than in a large room with a brawling woman." "Do you mean me?" she at once exclaimed with a threatening demeanor. "No, madam," was the quiet reply, "I well see that you do not at all understand the fine art involved in the construction of a sermon—you are entirely too quick in your application!"

At a Lay Preachers' conference an expert layman was telling his method of preparing a sermon.

"First, I take my text. Then I divide it into three parts. In the first part I tell them what I am going to tell them in the second part. In the second part I tell them what I told them I was going to tell them in the first part. And

in the third part I tell them what I told them in the second part."

LIFTING THE BISHOP

During an Episcopal convention in Boston one of the bishops had an experience he will long remember. He was a portly man, weighing over three hundred pounds. One afternoon while walking through Boston Common he sat down on one of the benches to rest. The bench was low and he was fat, and when he attempted to get up he failed in the effort. He tried again and failed. A poorly clad little girl coming along was attracted by the struggles of the Bishop and said, "Sha'n't I give you a lift?"

The Bishop gazed at her in amazement and exclaimed:

"Why, you can't help me. You are too little."

"No, I am not," she reassured him. "I have helped my Pa get up many times when he was a great deal drunker'n you are!"

A PISCATORIAL LIMERICK

"A man may chin
And a man may work
For the temperance cause all day:
But he can't go a fishin'
And observe prohibition,
Because he ain't built that way!"

'WARE THE ADJECTIVE!

A certain player who was a great stickler for correct English both on and off the stage, and who never lost an opportunity to put the erring on the right track in this respect, one afternoon walked into a New York drug store and stated to a clerk his need, a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the customer, with the utmost gravity, "What I desire is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

"OH, BEG PARDON!"

Speaking of Bernard Shaw, a dramatic critic laughed heartily. Said he: "Shaw is certainly amazing. He always does the original thing. I went with him once to see 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and as we stood in the aisle, for the house was crowded, a stranger behind us persisted in poking his head right over Shaw's shoulder.

"It was then that Shaw did the original thing. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped the man's nose, patting and twisting it pretty vigorously.

"The man, with an ugly oath, jerked back his head storming mad.

"'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Shaw, 'I thought it was mine, don't you know!'"

"IS THAT THE LORD?"

"One morning," says a lady, "when we were getting ready for church, I gave my three-year-old son, Tommy, a dime to put in the collection. He looked at it and inquired, 'Mamma, why must we take money to church?' I told him that we took it there to give to the Lord.

"Now it chanced that the deacon who took up the collection on our side of the church was a very homely man and of a very sour and forbidding countenance. When he came to our pew with the plate Tommy dropped his dime into it with a most inquiring look at the

austere man, and then sidled up to me and said, in a voice that could be heard all over that part of the church, 'Mamma, was that the Lord?' "

And here is another "along the same line." A little girl, traveling for the first time in a sleeping car with her parents, greatly objected to being put in an upper berth. She was assured that papa, mamma and God would watch over her. She was settled in her berth at last and the other passengers were quiet for the night, when a small voice piped:

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"You there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Now, go to sleep."

"Papa, you there?"

"Yes, I'm here. Go to sleep like a good girl."

This continued at intervals for some time,

until a fellow passenger lost all patience and called out vigorously:

"We're all here! Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts and first cousins. All here. Now, go to sleep!"

After this explosion there was a brief pause. Then the tiny voice piped up again, but very softly:

"Mamma!"

"Well?"

"Was that God?"

MIXED

Three smart young men and three nice girls—
  All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way
  To spend the day awheel.
They started in the early morn,
  And nothing seemed amiss;

And when they reached the leafy lanes
They in like
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill:
The sun shone brightly all the while:
They heard the song bird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade,
Theysat intwos likethis!

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—Crash! Great Scott!
The lot wereallmixeduplikethis!

SHE FOUND IT

George Ade was talking about his last visit to London.

"I like to knock about London alone," he said, "studying the places of historical interest: and at this kindly Christmas season I remember with particular pleasure a good deed that I performed at one of London's historic landmarks for a Chicago woman.

"It was a rainy fall day, and I sat over a beefsteak pudding and a mug of beer at the Cheshire Cheese on Fleet Street.

"The Chicago woman entered, 'Boswell's Johnson' in her hand. The Cheshire Cheese was, you know, Johnson's favorite tavern, and the woman had been told that the great man's autograph could still be seen, penciled on one of the walls.

"The waiters told her they knew of no such

autograph, but the woman, with dauntless Chicago spirit, began a long, long search up stairs and down.

"While she was upstairs a warm glow of benevolence suddenly arose in my breast and, taking a pencil from my pocket, I wrote with quaint Eighteenth Century flourishes on the wall behind me—

"'SAM JOHNSON.'"

"The Woman, on her return from upstairs, spied the autograph, and was overjoyed. Is it not amazing how much happiness we can give to others by these little acts of kindness?"

WHICH?

A very pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street car and managed to seat herself in a very narrow space between two men. Presently a very portly colored "mammy" entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking

to humiliate the men for their lack of gallantry, arose.

"Aunty," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat."

"Thank you, Missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but—which gentleman's lap was you a settin' on?"

BAFFLED

He was a young German, and was under cross-examination in court. The questioning began:

"Now, Muller, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked the German.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"Vy, I work——"

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench," said Muller.

"Oh," groaned the lawyer. "Where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"You make bricks?"

"No. De factory, dot iss made of bricks."

"Now, Muller, listen," said the lawyer: "what do you make in that factory?"

"I make eight dollars a veek."

"No, no. What does the factory make?"

"De factory makes a lot of money."

"Now, listen. What kind of goods does the factory make?"

"Oh," said the German, "dey make goot goods."

"I know—but what kind of goods?"

"De best dere iss."

"The best of what?"

"Didn't I tell you? De best dere iss."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I give him up!"

A RINGING FAREWELL

Once upon a time an English journalist was visiting in Washington. He had the proverbial British obtuseness when it came to getting to the point of a joke, and the newspaper men at the capital had a good deal of fun at his expense. But he was a good fellow and when he was leaving the boys gave him a dinner.

When the time for the speeches arrived, the toastmaster spoke of the pleasure the Englishman's visit had given all present, and the regret that all felt at his departure. In conclusion he said, without a twinkle of the eye:

"And now it becomes my duty to see that

you do not leave us without something to remember us by. In behalf of The Press Club I now present you with this ring."

Then, leaning across the table, he struck a silver call-bell that had been placed between him and the guest. Everybody laughed but the latter. And then, to everybody's surprise, he arose in his place, picked up the bell, admired it—and put it in his pocket! Then he cleared his throat and there was silence for his speech.

"Ah—er—gentlemen, I thank you for this charming—ah—gift. I am not a public speaker, and so I am a bit embarrassed. But—ha—ha! I know why you all laugh. Your—ah—chairman was just as embarrassed as I am. He gave me this pretty bell, you know, and he got confused and he said it was a ring! By Jove, ah—I must try to remember that and tell it when I get home."

HOME, SWEET HOME

An artist had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his young wife came into the studio.

"This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for, dear," said he, standing aside and proudly surveying his work.

"Why not call it 'Home'?" said she after a reflective look.

" 'Home'?" queried he: "and why would you call it 'Home'?"

"Because there is no place like it!" exclaimed she as she fled upstairs.

ONE ON THE BISHOP

There was a certain bishop who had a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he chanced to meet during his country walks. One day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop

paused to ask what he was doing, that being his usual method of opening a conversation.

"Moindin' swoine," the lad replied stolidly.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully.

"And how much do you earn a week?" he asked.

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillings for a whole week's work?" he remarked with evident pity for the poor boy. Then he continued pleasantly:

"I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

Then the lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute and remarked:

"Mebbe you gets more swoine nor me to moind?"

ONE ON THE PREACHER

A retired clergyman is fond of telling this good one on himself. He used to officiate as

a vacation supply in a suburban church. One Sunday he was accosted by an old lady, a housekeeper in the employ of a friend.

"I want to tell you, sir," said she, "how much I enjoy going to church on the days when you preach."

The clergyman said he was very highly gratified to hear it.

"For, you see, sir," she added with appalling candor, "you see, I get such a good seat then!"

HE STOPPED THEM

"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," was the text of a very long and tedious sermon. After an hour of it some became weary and departed, greatly to the annoyance of the preacher. But he went on until another bunch started for the door, and then he paused and announced: "That's right,

my friends. As fast as you are weighed, pass out!" He was not disturbed again.

A POETICAL TAIL

In days of old,
When nights were cold,
And I was but a kid,
I spied a tail
Just off the trail—
And this is what I did:
I grabbed the tail
And with a rail
I smashed his lid
I smashed his trunk—
!!! ??? !!! ???
Gee Whiz!—It was a skunk!

CAUGHT A TARTAR

George Clark, a celebrated negro minstrel, when being examined on one occasion as a

witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?" queried the tormentor.

"I don't know but it may be, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

And then the lawyer fell into the trap, saying, "And what was your father's calling?"

"He was a lawyer, sir, same as you, sir," replied Clark, as the court roared, and the lawyer sat down.

SECTIONAL SALVAGE

The late Police Captain William H. Hodgkins, of New York, who died from cardiac strain that he brought on by trying to reduce his weight over fifty pounds in three weeks,

hated corpulence, and often regaled his friends with anecdotes having adiposity for their butt.

"I went to a melodrama the other night," he said to a gathering of his friends. "The heroine was fat, fatter than I am, and you see what that is.

"In the second act she fell overboard, and the hero, who was a little, scrawny chap, plunged after her and seemed to be having a good deal of difficulty in swimming with her toward the yacht. As the hero splashed and struggled under his heavy burden, a god yelled from the gallery:

" 'You'll never do it that way, boy. Save what you can now, and come back for the rest!' "

"CHECK!"

Apropos of the European war, A. L. Redford, of the Society of the War of 1812, tells the following:

A Hartford man had a spendthrift son who enlisted for the war, and after he had been on active service for a month or two he ran out of money.

So, in order to get the cash for champagne and Egyptian cigarettes and other warlike luxuries, he wired home to his father:

"Leg shot off in last engagement. Send funds for artificial leg."

The father's wire came promptly back, and read, "Wooden leg goes forward per Express. If it doesn't fit, get camp carpenter to plane it down!"

A WEARY CONSCIENCE

The ragged wayfarer trudged up the garden path bathed in the sunshine and took off his hat to the lady at the door. She eyed him keenly and a look of recognition passed over her countenance.

"Look here," she said, "you called at this house in the middle of winter."

"I did, ma'am," he sorrowfully admitted.

"And I gave you a good meal on condition that you swept the snow out of my back yard."

"Correct, ma'am. I acknowledge the corn."

"And when you had the meal, you went off and didn't do the work. Do you think that was right?"

The man passed the back of his hand tremulously across his eyes.

"Yes, ma'am," he said brokenly, "that's all so. And my conscience smote me. And that's why I've tramped all this weary way back, under this hot and scorching sun, to finish the job. You must just give me a shovel and a pie, and watch me make the old snow fly!"

A BULKY, BALKY BOOK

"Wa'al, some ways I'd like to an' some ways I guess I wouldn't," said honest old Farmer Flaxseed, when the suave dispenser of encyclopedias had paused for breath in his siren song.

"Ye see, if I was to sign fer that 'ere cyclopedee, in forty-seven parts, includin' the Index an' Appendicitis, I'm sorter afeard I'd git too tired tryin' to read it: while, if I read it at my leesure, as I'd ort to, in order to git the good out of it, I wouldn't have enny time left to work an' earn enough money to pay fer it. So, all things considered, I reckon I'll hev to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the Northwest, don't it?"

DIDN'T KNOW SHEEP

When the young woman from the city went out into the country to teach school, she found

that there are some things not taught in the city schools. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said:

"Now, children, if there are ten sheep on one side of a wall and one sheep jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped the little tow-headed daughter of a farmer:

"No sheep, teacher; no sheep."

"Oh, oh," cried the young teacher from the city, reproachfully, "you are not so stupid as that. Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall, and one sheep jumped over, nine sheep would be left. Don't you see that?"

"No, no, no!" persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over, all the others would jump after. My father keeps sheep."

Then, seeing the puzzled look on the

teacher's face, the little tow-head added apologetically:

"You know arithmetic, teacher, but I know sheep!"

ZOO-LOGICAL

Another teacher had been explaining to her class about the three kingdoms of nature—the vegetable, the mineral and the animal. When she had finished, she said to the class:

"Now, who can tell me what the highest degree of animal life is?"

At this a little girl in the rear row of seats raised her hand and replied:

"The highest degree of animal life is the giraffe!"

Still another teacher was in charge of a class of small children in English Grammar, and was trying to explain to them the difference between a common and an abstract noun. "An example of a common noun," said she, "is

dog, for you can see it. But an abstract noun names something that you cannot see. For instance, have any of you ever seen abundance?"

After a brief silence, during which the keen little wits were busy, a boy arose and said:

"Please, ma'am, I have never seen a bun dance, but I have seen a cake walk!"

NOT A COMEBACK

They were on an express train bound for the seashore, the German gentleman and his young son, Fritz.

While Fritz was snoozing, his father, who occupied the window seat, seized Fritz's cap and seemingly threw it out of the window.

"Ach, yah!" the joking father said, "Your cap iss now on de outside gone avay. Aber, never mind dot, Fritzy. I'll vistle, undt it'll come on de inside again mit quickness."

The father whistled, and at the same moment deftly placed the cap on his attentive son's head. Fritz was speechless with wonderment. He pulled the cap off his head and gazed at it and at his father in admiring astonishment. By and by the train neared a bridge. Then the little chap had an inspiration. Watching his chance, he tipped his daddy's beaver out of the window with a shout of delight, exclaiming:

"Vistle again, fader; vistle again. I want to see it come back."

NEXT!

A fool was walking through a field. He came upon a rock on the face of which was written in chalk—"Turn me over!"

With visions of hidden treasure, and with great exertion and difficulty, he rolled the big rock over—only to read on the reverse side,

"Now, turn me back again, so I may catch another fool!"

PATRIOTIC

The class of boys was being examined in ancient history.

"Who was the first man?" asked the teacher.

"Washington," answered a bright boy, "first in war, first in peace, first in——"

"Wrong," corrected the teacher. "Adam was the first man."

"Oh," sniffed the pupil with evident disgust, "if you are talking about foreigners—!"

DID YOU EVER SING THIS?

Long-tailed rat in a bucket o' souse,
Sing-song-Polly-witchee-ki-mee-o!
Just come down from the Dutchman's house,
Sing-song-Polly-witchee-ki-mee-o!

Rats an' mice is a-gettin' mighty bold,
Sing-song-Polly-witchee-ki-mee-o!
Skippers in the cheese just nine days old,
Sing-song-Polly-witchee-ki-mee-o!

Cho-Kree-mo, kri-mo, dora-wah, homa hima,
Rum-sich-a-pummiddle: such a pack o'
Pennywinkle, minne-come a nischkat:
Sing-song-Polly-witchee-ki-mee-o!

"REEL IN!"

For the purpose of advertising fishing rods a shopkeeper had hung a large rod outside his shop carrying an artificial fish on the end of it. Late one night a society gentleman, who had been dining a trifle too well, happened along and spied the fish. Being of a piscatorial turn, and the fish looking quite large and worthy of being saved, he went cautiously to the door and gently knocked.

"Who's there?" sharply demanded the shopman from an upper window.

"Sh-h!" was the whispered answer. "Don't make a noise but come down as quick as you can."

Thinking something serious was the matter, the man dressed in all haste and stole downstairs to the shop door.

"Now," said he, "what is it?"

"Hist!" said the other. "Pull in your line quick: you got a bite."

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION

A lawyer for a railway company once had to defend his employers from the charge of negligence in the case of a farmer whose produce cart was demolished at a grade crossing, not without injury to the farmer himself, who was driving the cart.

The accident happened at night, and the principal witness was an old colored man who was on guard at the time of the accident at the crossing, armed with a lantern to signal the approach of trains.

"Now, John," said the lawyer, "did you swing your lantern when you saw the cart coming?"

"Yassir, I cut'nly did, suh. I done swung dat lantern right crost de road."

On the strength of this testimony the lawyer won his case. He took occasion afterward to thank the witness.

"Much obleeged to yo', Mars Torm," replied that worthy. "I'se awful glad I could he'p yo'. But I was plum scairt dat other lawyer gwine ax me if dat lantern was lit!"

VACUUM THEOLOGY

A colored Baptist was exhorting, "Now, breddern an' sistern, come right up to de altar an' hab yo' sins washed away."

All came but one man.

"Why, Bruddah Jones, don' yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done gone had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Whar yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at de Methodis' Chu'ch."

"Ah, Bruddah Jones, yo' ain't been washed: yo' jess been dry cleaned!"

AN UNFORTUNATE INTRODUCTION

"Now, breddern," said the parson in introducing a visiting minister, "I take pleasure in introducin' to yo' Bruddah Blank, who will address us on de subject' o' 'De Debbil,' and

I kin assure yo' de Bruddah am full o' his subjec'."

POISON IVY

A man, evidently a laborer, was sitting in a railroad station, puffing contentedly on his comforting corncob, when a woman entered and sat down beside him, although there were plenty of other seats in the room. Presently she gave a sniff and, turning toward him, snapped out, "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum," said he, "if ye wuz a lady ye'd sit further away."

Pretty soon the woman burst out again with, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

Quick as a flash came the answer from the Irishman, as he puffed away at his pipe, "An' if ye wuz me wife, I'd take it, begorry!"

More Laughs

TIT FOR TAT

When Paderewski was in Boston he was approached by a bootblack who called out to him, "Shine?"

The great pianist looked down at the youth, whose face was streaked with grime, and said:

"No, my lad, but if you will wash your face I will give you a quarter."

"All right!" exclaimed the youth, who forthwith ran to a neighboring trough and quickly made his ablutions.

When he returned Paderewski held out the quarter, which the boy took but immediately handed back, saying:

"Here, mister, you keep it yourself an' go an' get yer hair cut!"

BY THE YARD ONLY

An Irishman, passing a shop where a sign was displayed saying that everything in the

shop was sold by the yard, thought he would play a joke on the shopman. He entered the shop and asked for a yard of milk. The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipt his fingers in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter. Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sorr," said Pat. "Roll it up an' I'll take it!"

COMPLIMENTS

He who fishes for compliments may sometimes get a bite. A rector in South London was visiting one of his poorer parishioners, an old woman, afflicted with deafness. She expressed her great regret at not being able to hear his sermons. Desiring to be sympathetic and to say something consoling, he replied with much self-depreciation, "You don't miss

much, Mother." "So they tell me," was the unexpected reply.

A colored preacher was introducing a bishop to the people of the First African Methodist Church of Nola Chucky.

"Breddern an' sistern," he began, "dis famous bishop is de greatest bishop in de world. He knows de unknowable, he can do de undoable, an' he can unscrew de unscrutable. Pray for him."

AT THE BAR

The cockney solicitor was characteristically mixed up in the use of his "H's," of course. He happened to meet one of the wits of the American bar.

The Englishman, commenting on the legal profession of Philadelphia, said that the members were very proficient and learned, but that

they were absolutely ignorant on the subject of "hentails."

"Ah," answered the American, "My dear sir, we may be ignorant of the 'hentail,' that I will admit: but our knowledge of the 'cocktail' is quite unsurpassed."

A SIMPLE SOLUTION

The following question was put to some young pupils in a public school:

"There is a family of five children. The mother has only four potatoes to divide amongst them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?"

Silence prevailed in the classroom: every pupil was calculating diligently. Finally one boy put up his hand. "Well, Sammy, what would you do?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, ma'am!"

MISTER JINKS

Mister Jinks is a dealer in inks:
  But he deals with no printer,
  In summer or winter—
Mister Jinks is a masculine minx.

By the hour he sits and he thinks,
  Till his pal comes along
  With whistle and song—
And then Mister Jinks he winks.

"We're going to play ball on the links:
  Won't be home till it's late"—
  And he closes the gate:
Next morning their noses are pinks.

Oh, no! Mister Jinks never drinks:
But he winks and he blinks
As he sits and he thinks
Of high jinks on the links—
Mister Jinks is a dealer in inks.
  Methinks.

AS OTHERS SEE US

In his studio the other day, Charles Dana Gibson was much amused to receive a printed circular, signed by an automobile firm, that said:

"You are cordially invited to participate in our grand $100 prize drawing contest. Each participant may submit one or more drawings advertising our automobiles, and the winner will receive a grand prize of $100. Drawings must be sent prepaid, they must be original, and all unsuccessful drawings will remain the property of the undersigned."

Mr. Gibson, who can scarcely be persuaded to make drawings at $1,000 a piece, smiled over this printed circular, and then, having an inspiration, he took a sheet of note paper and, still smiling, he wrote to the automobile firm as follows:

"You are cordially invited to participate in my grand automobile $10 prize contest. Each participant may submit one or more automobiles, fully equipped, of his own manufacture, and the winner will receive a grand cash prize of $10 in gold. The automobiles submitted should be brand new, and must be shipped f. o. b. to New York. The unsuccessful automobiles will remain the property of the undersigned."

SAW THE POINT

A Y. M. C. A. collector had called on a prominent tradesman several times without result. At last, wearied by his continual coming, the merchant caved in and said:

"Look here, sir, I'll give you $25 on condition that you don't come into my office again, unless I invite you."

The offer was promptly accepted. Next

morning, bright and early, the unabashed collector was on the scent again. He knocked at the merchant's door and was told to "Come in." He went in, and then—"What's the meaning of all this?" demanded the merchant. "Didn't I give you a subscription yesterday on the express condition that you would not come here again unless invited?"

"True," was the answer, "but you asked me to come in when I knocked, and here I am. If you would like to help our cause further—"

And the merchant did.

FOR THE BLIND

It was an enterprising tradesman in a certain town who put a box outside his shop one day, labeled "For the Blind." A few weeks later the box disappeared.

"Halloa," was the exclamation of a cus-

tomer. "What's happened to your box for the blind?"

"Oh, I got enough money," he replied, and pointing to the new canvas window shade that nicely screened his shop window, "there's the blind!"

IRISH MOONSHINE

When illicit distilling was common in Ireland there was an old man who went about the country repairing whisky pots. The gauger met him one day and asked him what he would take to inform him where he had repaired the last whisky pot.

"Och," said the old man, "I'll just take half a crown."

"Done!" retorted the gauger. "Here's your money, and be careful to tell me the truth."

"Och, I'll tell you no lie, sir. I mended the last whisky pot right where the hole was!"

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE

There is a monument in a graveyard somewhere up the Hudson River. On one side of the monument appear the names of the seven successive wives of John Hawkins—Sarah, Fannie, Lucy, Jane, Emma, Candace and Flora. On the other side is this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of John Hawkins. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

HE PREFERRED THE BEAR

A gentleman from the North was enjoying the excitement of a bear hunt down the Mississippi. The bear was surrounded in a small cane thicket. The dogs could not get the bear out, and the planter who was at the head of the hunt called to one of the negroes:

"Sam, go in there and get that bear out."

The negro hesitated for a moment, and then plunged into the cane. A few moments later the negro, the bear and the dogs were rolling on the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said to the negro:

"Were you not afraid to go into that thicket with that bear?"

"Capun," replied the negro, "it was jest dis a way: I had nebber met dat b'ar befo', but I was pussonally acquainted wid de ole boss, an' I jest naturally took dat b'ar."

"HORSE SENSE"

A traveler in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start up all right, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Then the farmer would have difficulty in making a new start. Finally the traveler approached and asked with solicitude, "Is your horse sick?"

"Not that I know of—at least not in his body."

"He has a balky disposition, I presume?"

"No, not that neither. But he's so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear me, that he has to stop every once in a while just to listen!"

A WELCOME SUBSTITUTE

It was early in the history of the new household. "And what have we got for breakfast, my dear?" asked Mr. Justmarried. His wife looked at him with troubled eyes.

"It was to have been bacon and eggs," she said, "but poor cook has gone and burned the bacon so that we can't eat it."

"Poor cook! I should think so, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Justmarried. "Confound her! Have you given her notice to quit?"

"Oh, no, we mustn't be too cross to her,

darling," said his wife. "She's so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a good, sweet kiss for breakfast?" she coaxed with a pleading smile.

"All right, my dear," replied the wily husband, suddenly pacified, "Just call her in."

A NARROW ESCAPE

In the crisp, bright October air the sweet young thing had been for a drive with her sweetheart, and had returned freshened and glowing with excitement.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "Tom and I had the narrowest escape from an awful accident! The horse nearly bolted and I don't know what would have happened!

"We were going through a narrow lane when, all of a sudden, a pheasant got up from the hedge and flew across the horse's head, and before Tom could grasp the reins——"

"Er," inquired the younger brother, "wasn't Tom holding the reins then? And if not, then why not?"

And it took ever so long to explain just what happened.

The latest thing out is often a young man with a night key.

Snoring has been scientifically classified as "sheet music."

There is a woman dentist in Camden. She hangs out a sign—"Teeth pulled while you wait." She is said to be a woman of gentle extraction.

A well-dressed young chappie at a crossing on the Avenue the other day called out to the driver of an ash-cart, "Say, you take all sorts of rubbish on your cart, don't you?" "Yes, yes," was the quick reply, "jump in, jump in!"

"I want five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to the grocer's clerk. The clerk asked, "And what do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered. "You wouldn't expect me to pay ten cents for five cents' worth, would you?" And then the clerk concluded that he had better attend to his own business.

"Say, Pat, suppose Satan was to come along, and see both of us here, which do you suppose he would take, you or me?" "Oh, faith, yer honor, he'd take me." "And what makes you think so?" "Well, sir," said Pat, "he'd take me now as knowin' that he'd not be sure of me when he came again; but of you he'd be sure at any time, an' so he could afford to wait."

An American lady who had been visiting

Canada courteously invited the customs officer to examine her baggage. "There is nothing but wearing apparel in the trunks," she remarked with a very reassuring smile. The officer unlocked the largest trunk and quickly pounced upon a dozen bottles of French brandy. "Madam, do you call this wearing apparel?" he asked sternly. "Why, yes, of course," replied the lady. "They are my husband's night-caps!"

TIT FOR TAT

Two very polite and neighborly neighbors present their respects after the following most dignified fashion:

"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his doggs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to

Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in future he should not spell 'dogs' with two gees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter 'e' to the last word in the note just received, so as to very truly represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's note unopened, the impertinence it contains being equaled only by its vulgarity."

THE SWALLOW HOMEWARD FLIES

Pat was driving with an English visitor on a bitterly cold day through the wilds of Connemara. They became quite sociable on the way, and the native, in a burst of confidence, pointed out a shebeen where "the best potheen in Connaught" might be obtained.

The Englishman, only too glad to get an

opportunity of warming himself, took the hint and offered the desired refreshment, which was readily accepted.

As they sat before the table by the cozy fire in the grate, the tourist observed, " 'Tis a very cold day, Pat, and I think this must be a very cold country."

" 'Tis, yer honor," replied Pat, as he raised his glass and drained the contents to the last drop.

"An,' there's truth in the auld sayin', yer honor," he continued, with a suggestive wink and an appreciative smacking of the lips—"there's truth in the auld sayin', 'Wan swallow nivver made a summer!' "

THE NATIONAL COLOR

One morning a loyal Irishman was at work near the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and

splashed on the clean, concrete sidewalk. A few minutes afterward another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman up at the top of the pole, and exclaimed with much anxiety in his tone, "Doherty, Doherty, mon, hove ye had a himarrage?"

DOWN WITH IT!

Enthusiastically denouncing the use of all intoxicants a temperance lecturer exclaimed:

"I wish all the beer, all the wine, all the whisky and all the rum in all the world were at the bottom of the ocean!"

Down in the audience Pat hastily arose to his feet, waved his hand and shouted:

"Sure, and so do I, yer honor. I wish every bit of it was at the bottom of the say."

As they were leaving the hall the lecturer encountered Pat, tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I certainly am proud of you. It was a brave thing for you to rise and say what you did. Are you a teetotaller?"

"No, indade, sorr," answered Pat, "I'm a diver."

A WARM PROSPECT

Mrs. Nubbins: "Josiah, are you ever going to get up? It's half past six o'clock."

Mr. Nubbins (yawning): "Well, I have one consolation: I shall have sleep enough when I am dead, anyway."

Mrs. Nubbins: "Yes, and you'll find the fire lit when you wake, just as you do now."

REVENGE!

The lawyer was drawing up the old man's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated the sturdy old son of the soil. "Got that?"

"Yes, all right," answered the lawyer, making his pen fly.

"On condition that she marries again within one year from the date of my death—"

Here the legal light ceased writing, sat back in his chair, looked puzzled and asked:

"But why do you attach such a singular condition?"

"Because," said the old man, "because I want somebody to be sorry I died!"

A TARTAR WITNESS

Mr. Plowden, the well-known London magistrate, on his retirement from the bench was fond of relating the following as one of the choicest bits of his legal experience. In the course of a certain case he had to cross-examine the wife of a notorious burglar.

"You are the wife of this man?" he asked.

"I am," she replied.

"And you knew he was a burglar when you married him?"

"I did," she admitted.

"But, how could you possibly marry such a man?" he demanded.

"Well, it was like this," the witness explained confidentially. "I was getting old, and two chaps wanted to marry me, and it wasn't easy to choose between 'em, but in the end I married Bill there. The other chap was a lawyer, same as you, sir."

THE MASONIC SIGN

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she examined his Masonic seal.

"Well, really, my love," he replied with a wink to himself, "I presume it is simply because they can't sit down!"

ON THE WRONG SCENT

Seated on the curb beside a telephone pole, with a tin can by his side, a small boy attracted the attention of an old gentleman who was passing.

"Going fishing?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied. "Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth variety.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees," said the boy, "and they eat off all the leaves."

"So I understand. Well?"

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"And how?"

"Sendin' em up this telephone pole."

More Laughs

A BOY'S ELEGY

Little Jasper Senter learned from the minister's sermon one Sunday that man was made of clay. After returning from church he resolved to make him a man after his own fashion. The work proceeded in the clay bank back of the garden until his mother called Jasper to luncheon. He had completed all of the man but one leg.

That afternoon Jasper and his mother, while walking along the street, met a man with one leg, walking with crutches. Jasper went up to him, grabbed his coat by the tail and said:

"See here! I thought I told you to stay there in the yard till I put that other leg on you!"

HYPHENATED

The teacher in one of the lower grades was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen.

Her call being for hyphenated words, the word "bird-cage" was suggested.

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "And now, Paul, tell me why we put a hyphen in 'bird-cage'?"

"It's for the bird to sit on," was the prompt reply.

A BETTER METHOD

Some time ago a weary hobo meekly tapped on the back door of a suburban home, and asked for something to eat. The good housewife responded that she would feed him on the back step along with Fido, provided he was willing to earn the meal by cleaning out the gutter.

The tramp agreed, and when he had eaten his way through several sandwiches to a feeling of happiness, the housewife came out with a formidable looking hoe.

"You needn't have gone to that trouble, madam," said the hobo, sizing up the farm implement. "I never use a hoe in cleaning out a gutter."

"Never use a hoe!" exclaimed the woman with a wondering expression. "What then do you use—a shovel?"

"No, madam," replied the hobo, starting for the back gate. "I have an easier method than using either a shovel or a hoe. My method is—to pray for rain!"

THE PEDDLER'S COMEBACK

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp-nosed woman at the back door.

"I called to see if I couldn't sell you some baking powder," answered the weary looking peddler with the straggling whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here,

and furthermore I ain't got no time to waste on agents nor tramps whatsoever."

"Come to think of it, madam," said the seedy gentleman, as he fastened his little black valise, "I would not keer to sell you none of this here bakin' powder. It might do no end of harm, and I'd be soaked for damages. This here dinky little kitchen is so low in the ceilin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise, without bustin' off the roof of the shebang. I see yer next-door neighbor is better fixed, an' I bid ye good mornin'."

The Indian scalps his enemies,
The Pale-face skins his friends.

Indian Proverb.

GUESS IT?

As I was going to Saint Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,

Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives—
How many going to Saint Ives?

NATURALLY!

Once on a time a trained ostrich disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra.

The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the strange actions of his pet, as follows:

"Lydies and gentlemen! Hi am very sorry to disappoint you this hevening. We are compelled to cease hour hengagement until the management hengages a new horchestra

leader. The one at present hemployed 'as no 'air hon the top o' 'is 'ead—an' my bird takes hit for a hegg!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOLES

A small boy having been presented with a penny with a hole in it and disdaining to use it himself, gave it to a still smaller companion, saying:

"Jimmie, I dare you to go into that store and buy something with this penny."

Jimmie was quite willing, and entering boldly, he said:

"I want a doughnut." And taking it, he hastily presented the penny.

"Here, hold on," said the clerk, "this penny has a hole in it."

"And so has the doughnut!" exclaimed Jimmie triumphantly as he winked an eye through the hole.

CHARGE!

There was once a young man by the name of Stanley Chester. Having in mind to start a boarding school for young ladies and being entirely without experience, he thought well to consult an elderly gentleman who had spent a whole lifetime in the work he proposed to undertake, and ask for some words of counsel. After having given the young man advice in several directions, he said: "But, there is one piece of advice which I wish to impress on your mind as being the chief of all. I can do this best by recalling to your recollection a well-known couplet from Scott's 'Marmion'—

" 'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion.' "

ANOTHER CHARGE

The attorney was making an address to a popular assembly in behalf of the corporation he represented.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted to make a classical pun, I would do it in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

And then the voice of a long-suffering consumer rang out from the back of the crowd:

"Oh, what a charge they made!"

GRAFTING A SCOTCHMAN

A salesman had taken a large order in the north of Scotland for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scotch manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars.

"Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I couldna tak' them—and I'm a member o' the kirk."

"But will you not accept them as a present?"

"I couldna," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the salesman, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a nominal sum—say sixpence?"

"Weel, in that case," was the reluctant answer, "since ye press me, and no liking to refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll tak' twa boxes!"

CAUGHT HIM ON THE SNOROGRAPH

Placing the family phonograph on the library table, Mrs. Ravenyelp said to her husband:

"I have an odd record here, Henry, and I want to see if you can guess what it is."

When a weird succession of sounds began to come from the instrument, Ravenyelp knitted his brows and tried to identify them.

"It's a buzz saw plowing through a knot," he ventured.

"Guess again," said Mrs. Ravenyelp.

"A slide trombone in full cry?"

"Hardly."

"A cat concert?"

"Nope."

"A hoot owl with its toes in a trap?"

Smiling grimly, Mrs. Ravenyelp shook her head in the negative.

"Give it up," finally said Ravenyelp: "but as one last guess I'll say that sounds very much like a siren whistle with the pip."

"I will agree that it is as bad as all the noises you have named," Mrs. Ravenyelp remarked, "and I hope it will save a lot of argument in the future."

"But—what is it?" insisted Ravenyelp.

"It's a dictagraph record I made in your bedroom the other night," replied she, "to prove

to you that you do really snore in your sleep, and to let you know just how awful it sounds!"

A bunch of boys were desperately bent on getting into the baseball game, but they had no money. They could think of no scheme to get by the gateman until one bright chap exclaimed in a delighted voice:

"I've got it, fellers! We'll all walk in backwards, an' the man he'll think we're comin' out!"

DIDN'T SPEAK UP

O'Toole was passing a bird store when this sign caught his eye:

"Step in. A Bargain Today. An Elegant Poll Parrot which Speaks Seven Languages, for Sale!"

O'Toole went in. "What are ye askin' fer the bird?" he asked.

"One dollar only, and its a bloomin' sacrifice," said the dealer.

"You're on," said O'Toole. "Put the beast in a cage and sind it out to Mrs. Ellen O'Toole to the Shamrock apartments on the drive."

Then he continued on his way to work. He could hardly wait to get home, so anxious was he to try the parrot out on the language business, and when the whistle blew he was the first man out. Running home, he rushed in upon his wife and exclaimed with a face aglow:

"Did the bird come, Illin?"

"It did, Dinny, an it's stuffed, baked an' riddy fer ye; but I'm tellin' ye, Dinny, there's no more than the pick on the bones o' the thing fer ye."

"Ye cooked it, did ye!" screamed O'Toole.

"Sure," said Mrs. O'Toole.

"'Twasn't to be cooked at all, at all, Illin,

cried O'Toole. "Sure the poor green thing was a prisint to ye—'twas a talkin' parrot that could spake sivin languages!"

"It could! An' thin why in blazes didn't it say somethin' befoore I chopped off its head?"

LAZY DAD

By way of enlarging the children's vocabulary our village school teacher is in the habit of giving them a certain word and asking them to form a sentence in which that word occurs. The other day she gave the class the word "Notwithstanding." There was a pause, and then a bright-faced youngster held up his hand.

"Well, what is your sentence, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

And Tommy answered promptly, "Father wore his trousers out, but notwithstanding!"

"MUTATIS MUTANDIS"

Elihu Root is credited with a clever story about a certain attempt to correct the manners of a careless office boy.

One morning the young autocrat entered the office and tossing his cap on a hook, exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Root, there's a ball game on at the park today, and I want to go down."

"James," said Mr. Root, seizing the opportunity to inculcate a much needed lesson, "that is not the way to ask a favor. Now, you sit down in my chair and I will show you how to do it properly."

The boy took the chair, and his employer picked up the misplaced cap and stepped outside. He then re-entered softly, closed the door gently and, holding the cap in his hand respectfully, approached the supposed head of the office.

"Please, sir," he said quietly, "there is a ball game at the park this afternoon, and, if you could spare me, I should like to get away for part of the afternoon."

In a flash the quick-witted boy had improved the situation.

"Why, certainly, Jimmie," he replied graciously. "Here is a half dollar to pay your way in!"

WORKED BOTH WAYS

The prisoner was on trial. In answer to the charge he pleaded "Not guilty." The jury found the charge proved and, in imposing sentence, the Judge said, "Ye're not only guilty, but ye come here and tell lies, sayin' ye're not."

The prisoner who followed next for trial was much influenced by this judgment and supposed it might be well for him to take another

course. So he pleaded "Guilty," in a very self-satisfied voice.

"Oho," exclaimed the Judge, "ye're guilty, are ye, an' ye have the face to come here and brag about it, do ye?"

NOT SURE OF SOME OF THEM

Col. Thomas D. Osborne, who resigned from the Board of Managers to become Secretary of the Hospital Commission at Louisville, allowed a remark to escape him for which the good Baptists of Louisville may take him to task.

Colonel Osborne is an ex-Confederate. He is also an ardent Baptist. Both come close to his heart.

A friend stopped the Colonel and inquired whether he was going to the Confederate reunion at Chattanooga?

"I am sorry I cannot," said the Colonel.

"Gen. Bennett H. Young is urging me to attend the reunion to meet my old comrades because I may never see them again. But I have a Baptist convention to attend just at the time the reunion will be held. I told General Young I was sure to meet all Confederates in heaven anyhow, but I must meet my Baptist friends while I have the opportunity."

FREE DELIVERY

The precise but somewhat broken English of Mme. Schumann-Heink is one of her charms. While in a western city she found herself in immediate need of toilet powder. In her practical way she stepped into a drug store to buy it herself.

"Will you have it scented?" inquired the accommodating clerk.

"No, I vill take it vid me," crisply replied the great singer.

DIDN'T LIKE CROW

An official once said to Father Healy, the Irish wit:

"Healy, I've got a crow to pick with you."

"Make it a turkey, and I'll join you at six sharp!" said Father Healy.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BENE"

When the funeral reached the graveyard and all things were in readiness for the interment, unfortunately no minister appeared to conduct the service. What was to be done? Then the Undertaker or, we should rather say, "The Funeral Director," or as the very latest revised version has it, "The Mortuary Artist," sizing up the embarrassing situation and coming to the gallant rescue, and feeling that something at least should be said in honor of the departed, cleared his throat with a most

sepulchral cough and remarked, "My friends, this here corpse joined the church eighteen years ago."

NOT WITH THAT BUNCH

The Sunday school teacher was testing her class of boys as to their religious aims and purposes.

"All those who wish to go to heaven, please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, James," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied James promptly, "not if that bunch is going there."

DON'T BE TOO CURIOUS

The goose had been carved and served to the delight of everybody who had tasted it. It was

simply most excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm and exclaimed:

"Dat's as fine a goose as evah I see, Bruddah Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"

"Well, now, Pahson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and appropriate reticence, "hit's dis a way: when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I nebber axes you whar you got it. An' on dis occasion I hope you will show me de same consideration."

OUT OF SIGHT

"Did you notice the beauty of that lady?" asked one American gentleman of another. "Of course," was the answer. "She was simply out of sight."

And the Englishman, who had overheard the remark, went home and told his wife that

"there was a woman at the party who was so beautiful that you couldn't see her!"

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS

Never jump at conclusions. We had a dog, once when I was a boy, by the name of August. August had the bad habit of jumping at conclusions, and I might as well tell you the very sorrowful conclusion.

One day August jumped at a cow's conclusion, and the cow kicked and spilled a fine bucketful of good fresh milk.

Another day he jumped at a horse's conclusion, and the horse ran away and smashed a costly buggy.

Next he tried jumping at a mule's conclusion. The mule kicked—and that, alas! was the last of August. And the very next day was the first of September!

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY

The lovely girl, having lingered a minute in her room to adjust her transformation, change the angle of her Grecian band, and make sure that her skirt fitted like the peeling of a plum, at length descended to the parlor, only to find the family pet ensconced upon the knee of the young man caller, her curly head nestled comfortably against his shoulder.

"Why, Mabel!" the young lady exclaimed, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get right down this minute!"

"I sha'n't do it," was the pert and significant rejoinder. "I got here first!"

"ELIMINATED EGGS"

Three gentlemen, Jones, Brown and Smith, went into the dining room of a Southern hotel for breakfast.

Jones ordered coffee, rolls, creamed potatoes,

bacon and fried eggs. Brown told the colored waiter he might duplicate the order for him, and Smith said:

"You may bring me the same, all but the eggs. You may eliminate the eggs."

In due time the waiter appeared with the breakfast of Jones and Brown, which he served; then, stepping round to Smith, he said in a conciliatory tone:

"We got fried aiggs, an' poached aiggs, an' boiled aiggs, an' scrambled aiggs, an' om'let, sah, but we ain't got no 'liminated aiggs."

"Well," said Smith, "my doctor says my eggs must be eliminated. Have it done at once and hurry up my breakfast."

Presently the waiter was back again, but without the breakfast.

"De cook says to tell you, sah, he jest can't 'liminate no aiggs dis mawnin'."

"Now, see here," said Smith, in apparent

anger, "I never before was at a hotel where I couldn't have my eggs eliminated. You go and tell the cook that, and tell him to eliminate those eggs double-quick, or I shall complain to the manager."

Away went the waiter, but returned almost immediately, followed by the cook.

"I come to 'splain to you myse'f 'bout dem aiggs, sah," said the excited chef. "I ain't been yere on'y a week, an' I don' wan' to lose mah job, an' dis is de ve'y fust o'dah I had foh 'liminated aiggs since I come. I was goin' to 'lim'nate 'em right off, but when I looked roun' fer de 'liminater, I found it done gone got broke yiste'day, an' had to be sent off to de fact'ry to git fixed, an', o' co'se, I can't 'lim'nate no aiggs 'thout a 'lim'nater, but if you'll 'scuse me dis mawnin', nex' time you come I'll suah 'lim'nate yo' aiggs better'n you've had 'em 'lim'nated in all yo' life befo'!"

HOORAY!

The old Professor of the Ancient Languages and Literature, well known for the striking resemblance of his classic features to those of Julius Cæsar, took his seat at his desk as the class filed in. "We will now——" he began.

"Just one moment, please, Professor," said Raffleberger, "I have a favor to ask before we proceed with the recitation. Here is a Latin quotation I came across yesterday, and for the life of me I can't make it out."

He advanced to the desk with the quotation written on a bit of paper, twiddling his left hand behind his back as he went just by way of giving the boys the class sign of "attention."

The Professor read, "Quis crudus pro te, lectus, albus et spiravit."

"Hm, hm," said he. "Appears to be Dog Latin. I can't translate that, and I don't believe anybody else can."

"I can," shouted Jordan. Seizing a bit of chalk and going up to the blackboard, he wrote:

"Quis = who: crudus = raw: pro = for: te = thee: lectus = red: albus = white: spiravit = blew. The sum total = Hooraw for the red, white and blue: Q. E. D."

PLAUSIBILITY

Colonel George Harvey said at a dinner, apropos of prevailing high retail prices:

"Wholesale prices are coming down, but the retailers are giving us all sorts of plausible reasons for keeping retail prices up. These plausible retailers remind me of a story.

"A guest in a Florida hotel complained to the manager:

"'Your restaurant is conducted in a very mean way. At lunch today I found a hair in

the ice cream, a hair in the honey and a hair in the apple sauce.'

" 'Well, you see,' the manager explained, 'the hair in the ice cream came from the shaving of the ice. The hair in the honey came, I suppose, from the comb. But I can't for the life of me understand about the hair in the apple sauce, for I bought those apples myself, and I can assure you that they were all Bald—wins!' "

SPEAKING OF APPLES

The honest farmer's apple crop
Has been dispatched to town:
The barrels look this way on the top—
O O O O O O O
And this way lower down—
o o o o o o o o

More Laughs

A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR

An enthusiastic temperance lecturer was vigorously haranguing an audience. Said he, "Take two buckets of equal size. Fill one with water and fill the other with beer, and set them before a horse, and see which he will take. He'll take to the water every time. What do you say to that?"

"What do I say to that?" came a sturdy voice from the rear seats—

"I say that wasn't a horse, Mister; it was a jackass!"

SELF ADVERTISED

He had opened a fish shop, and he ordered a new sign painted, of which he was very proud. It read, "Fresh Fish Sold Here."

"What did you put the word 'Fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just "Fish sold here."

"Why do you say 'Here'?" asked his second customer. "You are not selling them anywhere else, are you?" So he rubbed out the word "Here."

"Why use 'Sold'?" asked the next customer. "You're not giving them away, are you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the single word 'Fish,' remarking:

"Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

But, another customer coming in, said, "I don't see any use of that sign up there. 'Fish'! Why you can smell them a mile away!"

SPOONER AGAIN

Not every commencement speaker has said precisely what he wished to say to the young people before him. One was tripped up by a

most unhappy lapsus linguæ at a young ladies' seminary.

He meant to say, "But, I have talked too long, and I do not wish to speak to weary benches"—instead of which he made it "beery wenches." Thereby reminding us of Tutor Spooner, of Oxford, who thus addressed a meeting of farmers: "It is most gratifying to me to behold so many tons of soil!"

But a university lecturer lately matched these infelicities when he said, "I am not going to talk very long, but if you get in your heads what I am going to say, you'll have the whole thing in a nutshell." There's many a true word spoken in jest.

APPLES AND ONIONS

"An apple a day keeps the Doctor away"—

and—

"An onion a day keeps everybody away."

DOWN OFF THE ELEPHANT

They were discussing that joke about getting down off an elephant.

"How do you get down?" asked the jokesmith for the fourth time.

"You climb down."

"Wrong!"

"You grease his sides and slide down."

"Wrong!"

"You take a ladder and get down."

"Wrong!"

"Well, you take the trunk line down."

"All wrong. You don't get down off an elephant: You get it off a goose!"

THE BOOMERANG ECHO

An American and a Highlander were walking one day on the top of a Scotch mountain, when the Scotchman, wishing to impress the boastful Yankee cousin, produced a famous

echo to be heard in that place. When the echo returned clearly after four minutes, the proud Scotchman, turning proudly to the Yankee, exclaimed, "Therr, mon, ye canna' show anythin' like that in your own country!"

To which the other replied, "I guess we can go that one better, my friend. Why, when I go to bed I just lean out of the window and call out, 'Time to get up. Wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me!"

IRISH WIT

A stout Irish woman, bearing a number of bundles, entered a crowded street car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth.

A few moments after squeezing herself into this narrow space the Irish woman produced a redolent cheese sandwich, which she pro-

ceeded to devour with every evidence of a keen relish. Whereupon the youth gave her a look of ineffable disgust, and drew the skirts of his overcoat closer to him.

"I suppose, me lad," good-naturedly remarked the woman, "ye would greatly pray-fer-r to have a gintleman settin' next to ye?"

"I certainly would!" snapped the youth.

"An' so would I!" said the fat woman.

THE SMOKER'S PUZZLE

To three fourths of a cross add a circle complete:
Let two semicircles a perpendicular meet:
Next, add a triangle that stands on two feet—
Then two semicircles, and a circle complete.
And if you would know what this puzzle might be—
Read what's written below, and you surely will see.

Tobacco—'tis a filthy weed,
It was the Devil sowed the seed:
It spoils your breath and soils your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose!

SO TO SPEAK

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister in defense of his client, whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

The teacher, wishing to impress on her pupils' minds the vast population of China, said, "Think, children, two Chinamen die

every time you draw a breath." A minute later her attention was attracted to little Jimmie James, who stood puffing vehemently with face reddened and cheeks distended.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?" asked the teacher. "What are you doing?"

"Nothin', Miss Mary: just killin' Chinamen!"

A MUTUAL WISH

"I wish I were an ostrich," exclaimed Hicks angrily as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't.

"And so do I," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I just do wish you were an ostrich, for then I could get a few feathers for my hat!"

"GET PUNISHED? NAW!"

"Don't you know you will get punished for fishing on Sunday?" asked a shocked minister of a little boy on the river bank.

"Not on your life!" replied the young angler. "Dad's fishin' himself a little way down stream."

AN INFINITE SERIES

All dogs have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas—and so on ad infinitum.

THE ONCE OVER

As the stage coach careened toward the edge of the cliff, the timid tourist gazed anxiously down at the brawling torrent three hundred feet below.

"Do people fall over this precipice often?" she asked, shuddering.

The driver clucked to his horses, as he replied placidly, "No, madam, never but once."

A WAYSIDE BARBER SHOP

When the train stopped at the little Southern station, the tourist from the North sauntered out and gazed curiously at a lean animal which was vigorously rubbing itself against a scrub oak.

"What do you call that?" he asked curiously of a native on the station platform.

"Razorback hawg, suh."

"And what's he doing, rubbing himself against that tree?"

"Why, suh, he's stroppin' hisself, I reckon; jest stroppin' hisself."

THE DEAD HORSE

The smart traveling man, whose name was Aleck, stood on a corner in the little country village at dusk. He was looking for amusement, and the first object that attracted his attention was an overgrown fifteen-year-old

boy riding a horse that might have come out of the Ark.

"Hello, sonny," shouted the salesman, "how long has that horse of yours been dead?"

Quick as a flash came the reply, "Three days, but you're the first buzzard that has noticed it!"

And Aleck moved into the hotel.

MELON OIL

A stall keeper on the Central Market, who had been stuck with a number of green melons, plugged one, poured a pint of kerosene into the hole and after waiting a quarter of an hour gave it to a colored man.

The latter sat down on a box to eat it, but after removing the plug and taking a reconnoitering smell, he arose and returned the melon to the stand.

"What's the matter?" asked the donor.

"I'ze much obleeged, but I couldn't use it, onless you'd frow in a chimbley an' a wick, an' dat would be axin' too much of anybody."

HE THOUGHT TOO HIGHLY OF BOTH

On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass, and addressed him in heavy, jovial fashion as follows:

"That's a fine jackass you have there, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet?"

"Oh, no, officer," the boy quickly replied, "I think quite too highly of my King to call him Albert."

The German scowled and returned, "I hope you don't dare to call it William?"

"Oh, no, officer. I think too highly of my jackass to call him William!"

HE GOT HIS DESERT

A private in a negro regiment sought out his sergeant and explained that he was thinking of deserting for very good and sufficient reasons, "For de good Lord knows I done gone enlist only for de duration of de war, an' de war am over."

"Dat's all very well," responded the cruel sergeant. "It's all right dat you done gone enlist for de duration of de war, an' dat de war am over, but—de duration has just done gone to begin to commence!"

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back," he explained, "put his legs in the air, and move them precisely as if he were riding a bicycle."

"Now commence!" After a short effort one

of the men stopped. "Hello, there—why have you quit pedaling, Murphy?"

"If ye plaze, sir," was the ready answer, "Oi'm a' coastin'!"

NOT WORTH THE DIFFERENCE

A negro servant, wishing to get married, asked his master to buy him a license in the neighboring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding there could be no mistake, had the license made out in her name.

"There's your license to marry Euphemia," he said to his servant that night. "You're as good as married already, and you owe me only two dollars."

The darkey's face fell. "But, Marse Tom,"

he exclaimed, "De lan's sake alive! Euphemia Wilson's not de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wa'n't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation. Georgianna Thompson, de landress, is de one I'se gwine to marry."

"Oh, well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another license tomorrow, but it will cost you two dollars more, of course."

The next morning the darkey came out to the carriage as it was starting for town and, leaning confidentially over the wheel, said:

"Marse Tom, yer needn't git me no udder license. I'll use de one I'se got. I'se been thinkin' it over in de night, an' to tell you de troof, Marse Tom, de conclusion o' my judgment is dat dare ain't two dollars wuf o' difference betwixt dem two ladies!"

WANTED TO BE THERE HIMSELF

Tony, the office janitor, had been working faithfully at his job for several years, when he one day surprised his employer by asking for a vacation.

"We can't get along without you very well, Tony," said the Boss. "Besides, you don't really need any vacation. You'll only blow in your money, and come back broke. What do you want a vacation for?"

Tony fumbled his cap nervously as he answered, "I like to have vacation. I get married, an'—I kinda like to be there!"

1918

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I'm getting more eatless
Each day.

My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless—
They're all sent to the
Y. M. C. A.

The bar-rooms are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer
And wiser.

My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless—
By Gosh—but I do hate
The Kaiser!

COULDN'T FIGHT THE WOMEN

Being single, and his mother and sisters being well provided for by the business, a patriotic Scotch grocer decided to enlist in the great World War, leaving his assistant, one Mackay, in charge.

But a few months later the master was dumbfounded to meet his late assistant, attired in khaki, somewhere in France.

"Hie, mon," he said angrily, "did I no tell ye tae stay at hame in chairge o' ma shop?"

"Sae I thocht at thae time, maister," replied Mackay. "But I soon fun' oot it wisna only thae shop I waur in chairge o', but a' yer women folk besides. 'Man,' sez I tae maself, 'gin ye got tae fecht, gang an' fecht some ain ye can hit!' So—I jined."

GRANTED

Dr. James Thorington had a "Panama dinner" for some of his confrères who shared the exciting life on the isthmus in the early '80s, and he told this story of how his father, that doughty Civil War veteran, Colonel Thorington, obtained the post of consul at Colon.

Grant was the first President to install civil service regulations governing appointments to Federal office.

Colonel Thorington, for once in his life, turned pale when he went to Washington, and the following question faced him on his examination paper:

"How many soldiers did England send to the Colonies during the Revolutionary War?"

He gazed at the paper, and the paper gazed at him, for many precious minutes. Then, in desperation, the Colonel wrote this answer:

"A d—d sight more than ever went back!"

He trudged home to his hotel, muttering to himself, "Oh, well, it's all off now!"

Some time later an orderly knocked at his door. "Colonel Thorington, the President would like to see you, sir."

He went to the White House, feeling shaky.

The President, smiling broadly, wrung his hand. "Colonel, you're a man after my own heart," he cried. "Here are seven consulates. Which will you have?"

"Daddy," said Bobby, who was eating an apple, "what would be worse than finding a worm in this apple?"

"I don't know, son, unless it would be worse to find two worms in it."

"No," said Bobby very solemnly, "it would be worse to find just half a worm in it."

THE CATCH

The old man had a soft, daft look, and he sat on a park bench in the sun, with a rod and line as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"Daft!" said a passerby to himself. "Daft! Bughouse! Nice looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

Then with a gentle smile the passerby approached the old man and said:

"What are you doing, uncle?"

"Fishing, sir. I'm fishing," answered the old man solemnly.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink."

The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way as he sipped and smoked, said:

"So, you have been fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

Then the old man blew a cloud of smoke

toward the ceiling. Then after a pause he said:

"I believe you are the seventh, sir!"

A PAIR OF SNUFFERS

A gentleman, on a holiday in the Highlands, was engaged one night in writing a letter in an humble abode where he had obtained accommodations. The guttering candles annoyed him, and he called out:

"Mrs. M'Pherson, can you get me a pair of snuffers?"

"A pair o' snuffers?" repeated Mrs. M'Pherson, somewhat bewildered. "Weel, I'll dae my best."

She went out, and in a few minutes there was a commotion on the outside. Two stalwart figures shuffled in, followed by Mrs. M'Pherson.

"This," said she, "is Donald M'Dougall, and

this is Dougall M'Donald. I dinna ken what ye want wi' them: But I'm thinkin' the twa of them tak mair snuff than ony ither twa in a' the parish!"

A PAIR OF QUITTERS

A negro was standing an examination for the position of Rural Free delivery carrier in the Post Office Department. Among other questions written for him to answer was the poser:

"What is the distance between the Earth and the Moon?"

His prompt but indignant reply was, "See heah! If you's a gwine to put me on dat route, I'se a gwine to quit right now!"

Another dusky applicant was being tested for a job at high wages at the DuPont powder plant at Hopewell, Va., not very far from Richmond.

He was ushered into the employment bureau and plied with the usual questions put to all new hands taken on at the works. All his answers were written down. The employing agents wanted to know all about the applicant's history, his past, present and future, not to speak of his previous condition of servitude.

The old darkey stood this part of the examination pretty well, but he was beginning to feel just a little bit "oneasy" when one of the men suddenly asked:

"And who would you like to be notified in case of serious accident?"

Uncle Jake paused and scratched his head a bit at this unexpected blow at his morale, but after a little while he thought of two persons who might like to know of any misfortune happening to him. Their names were written down.

"And, last of all," said one of the examiners,

"where would you like your remains to be shipped?"

"Whar would I like mah remains to be shipped!" exclaimed Uncle Jake in a groggy sort of voice. "See yeah, Boss, dar ain't a gwine to be no remains, kase I'm a gwine for to take all de remains away wid me from heah right dis minute!"

LITERARY-TIPPERARY

I'm a long way from literary,
  I've a long way to go:
I'm a long way from literary
  And the goal I long for so:
Good-bye, peccadilloes,
  Farewell, three meals square:
I'm a long, long way from literary,
  But my 'art's right there.

—Kansas City Star.

DEAD ALIVE

At the conclusion of a meeting of the Board of Civil Authority of Windsor, Vermont, Roswell Conant, one of the Selectmen, and a veteran of the Civil War, told this story:

"Harvey Tinkham hed just died. He was a turrible smoker, always puffin' his pipe or a cigarette, an' folks said excessive use o' tobacca caused his death. Wall, we was talkin' o' the deceased an' kinder moralizin', when Deacon Truman Storrs, who, ye know, is kinder torpid an' sometimes drowsy, he up an' says, 'Wall, I'm seventy-four year old, an' I never used tobacca, neither to chew nor smoke, an' I'm in purty reasonable good shape still.' Wall, Dr. Hart Smith, the dentist—ye know, he speaks up kinder sharplike now an' then—he ups an' says: 'Why, Deacon, who can say but what, mebbe, ef you hed took tobacca as a

regelar thing, like the rest of us—ye might still be alive to-day!' "

THE KILMAROO

A man, crossing by ferry-boat from New York to Brooklyn, was observed to be carrying a box which evidently contained some object he was much concerned about. He watched it very carefully, and sometimes would lift the lid slightly and blow into it.

The curiosity of a naturalist, who happened to be among the passengers, was excited by this, and he made bold to ask the man what he had in that box?

The man told him it was a very strange and extraordinary animal called the "Kilmaroo."

The naturalist wished him to lift the lid a bit and let him see the curious animal, but the man said, "No, it might get out."

"And what would happen if it did get out?" queried the other.

"Oh, it would run all over the boat and terrify, perhaps bite and injure the passengers."

"And what do you feed it on?" demanded the man of science.

"We feed it on nothing but live snakes," was the answer.

"Live snakes! And where do you get live snakes?"

"Why, you see, I have a brother living down in Atlantic City, and he often gets the delirium tremens, and when he gets the delirium tremens he sees snakes, and when he sees snakes we hurry and catch them, and feed them to my Kilmaroo."

"But, my dear sir!" exclaimed the naturalist, "those are imaginary snakes!"

"Well," responded the other blandly, "so is this an imaginary Kilmaroo!"

DECEMBER AND MAY

Old Gobsa Golde had wedded young Tottie Footlites, and one evening he called to her from his dressing room:

"My dear, for this after-theater supper—I don't know whether to wear my dancing shoes or my patent leather boots. Which is the better form for a man of my age?"

In her green-and-gold brocade kimono the young and beautiful Mrs. Gobsa, stretched on a chaise-longue undergoing the attentions of her manicure and her coiffeur, called back to her poor old husband in a clear, cold voice: "The best form for a man of your age, my dear, is chloroform!"

APPEASING THE BABY

It isn't all honey, being the oldest girl in the family, as Marjorie often finds. Particularly does she feel aggravated when told to put Baby Dora to bed.

Dora has the common infantile complaint of wanting everything she can think of before she will condescend to go to sleep.

"I want a drink of milk!" she announced late one evening when Marjorie had already made several trips upstairs.

"I lit the gas for you, didn't I?" demanded Marjorie, standing accusingly by the bedside. No answer.

"And I brought you your Teddy Bear and your black doll?" Still there was no reply.

"And I gave you a piece of white paper, and a nice pencil, did I not?" To this Dora nodded assent.

"Well," decreed the big sister with an air of finality, "just you take the pencil and the paper, and draw a cow, and then you can milk it yourself!"

"OLD THAD"

An old colored preacher from Philadelphia had been lying in wait for Thaddeus Stevens for several days, with a view to making a "touch" in behalf of his church. Finally he saw Stevens coming up the long reach of the Capitol steps, hobbling in characteristic fashion on his club foot. Stevens had been out the night before, and the goddess of Fortune had smiled on him.

The old negro approached hesitantly. "Good mornin', Mars Thad," he began. "I'se been looking for you for some time. You see, we've just built ouah new chu'ch, and is conside'able in debt, and I just thought you would he'p us

out a little, 'cause I knows you takes a deep interest in ouah race."

Old Thad looked down upon his humble suppliant for a minute. Then he made a dive into the capacious rear of his long-tailed coat, and drew forth a handful of bills and coin. It represented the night's winnings.

"Take that, my friend," he said. And then he sonorously ejaculated, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!"

ON A DESCENDING SCALE

A very self-confident young theologian, being appointed to preach the sermon on Ascension Day, took the Ascension for his theme. It was noticed that he went up the pulpit steps in a very self-confident manner. It was also noticed that he succeeded in making an eminent pulpit failure, and came from the pulpit with his head down, and in an

utterly crestfallen manner. After the service an aged clergyman, who had witnessed it all, said to him, "My young friend, if you had ascended as you descended, you would have descended as you ascended."

A KEY WEST CIGAR

Oh, yes; it's another, a genuine spoofer. Professor Van Dusen was vainly trying to unlatch his front door with a cigar—to the infinite amusement of a friend who had accompanied him home to talk over the fourth dimension.

"Look here, man," said the friend as soon as he could speak without betraying his amusement, "do you know what you are trying to open that door with?"

The Professor looked at the object, then gave a start of dismay as he exclaimed: "Good gracious! I must have smoked my latch key!"

It is needless to say that the cigar in question was of the Key West variety, and that probably explains it.

THE WOMAN AND THE TRAMP: A FABLE

The Woman: "How is this? You promised to saw some wood if I gave you a lunch?"

The Tramp: "Madam, I can recall no such promise."

The Woman: "The idea! I told you I'd give you some lunch if you'd saw some wood, and you agreed."

The Tramp: "Pardon me, Madam. Your exact words were, 'I'll give you a lunch if you saw that wood over there by the gate.'"

The Woman: "Exactly! That's just what I said."

The Tramp: "Well, Madam, I saw that wood over there by the gate as I came in!"

SCOTCHED!

The temperance reformer was justly proud of having converted the biggest drunkard in a little Scotch town, and induced him—he was the local grave-digger—to get up on the platform, and give his experience.

"My friends," he said, "I never, never thocht to stand upon this platform with the provost on the ain side o' me an' the toon clark on the ither. I never thocht that I should be spared to tell ye that for a whole month I have nae tooched a drap o' anythin', an' in consequence I've saved enough to buy me a braw new coffin wi' brass handles an' wi' brass nails—an' I tell ye what's mair—if I'm a teetotaller for anither month, I shall be needin' it!"

OUT OF POCKET

"William," said the good wife, looking up from her paper, "here I see an article that says

a man out in Kansas is suing his wife for divorce simply because she went through his pockets after he was asleep. Goodness knows, William, probably the poor woman never got a cent from the brute of a husband in any other way!"

"Uh-huh," replied William.

"William," came from his better half, "don't you dare to sit there and 'uh-huh' me in such a manner! I'll show you! What would you do if you woke up some night and found me going through your pockets?"

"Who—me?" asked the sleepy husband, who had already turned over his pay envelope to the Boss of the house. "Why, I'd get up at once, of course, and help you search, of course, my dear."

Which reminds me of a young woman who met her husband as he returned from his office, and showed unmistakable signs of copious

weeping. "What's the matter, my dear Ellen? What has happened?"

"Oh, John," she said, "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger somewhere, and I have been looking for it all day long and I can't find it anywhere!"

"Oh, if that is all, don't you worry. That's all right. The ring is safe—I found it this morning in my trousers' pocket!"

Before Shackleton sailed south on the quest of the South Pole he got all kinds of boxes and packages from cranks—tea tablets, medicated whisky, cowhide underwear, compressed fuel, and so on.

A club acquaintance sent him a fine small keg one day. The keg was labeled, "Not to be opened till the furthest point South!"

But Shackleton, a wily bird, opened the keg at once, only to find it full of lard or tallow, or

some such substance, and it was labeled "Axle Grease for the Pole!"

It is related of a certain Philadelphian that, being in Richmond, Va., and a trifle affected by a too frequent recourse to the Southern corn product in liquid form, approached the ticket agent, and asked how far it was from Richmond to Philadelphia. Being duly informed, he walked away, apparently satisfied. A little later he came back again.

"An' how far isht from Philadelphia to Richmond?" he inquired courteously.

"I just told you how far it is from Richmond to Philadelphia," snapped the annoyed agent. "Haven't you sense enough to know that it is the same distance from Philadelphia to Richmond?"

"Not sho sure 'bout that," answered the obfusticated one, shaking his head gravely. "S'

only week from Christmas to New Year—but it's a deedee long time from New Year to Christmas, ain't it?"

Masanao Hanihira, a Japanese delegate to the Armament Conference at Washington, relates a tale of his chat with a traffic policeman who tried to explain to him the system of streets, avenues and circles for which Washington is famous. With the bright inquisitiveness of his race, Hanihira asked the Master of Traffic to elucidate.

"Sure, my little man," said the polite policeman. "Keep it in mind, and don't ye forget it, and ye'll never go wrong: The lettered streets run east and west, the numbered streets run north and south, and the avenues—well, the avenues, now—they run about as they deedee well please!"

SCRAPPLE

Mr. Jiggs unexpectedly encountered his friend, Mr. Boggs, on the Atlantic City Boardwalk. "Hello, Boggs," said he, "you here?" "Yes," was the answer. "Came down for my week end." "Your weak end? Ah, I see. Sorry, old chap. What's gone wrong with your old head again?"

Some people contend that wives are a habit, others that they are a blessing, still others that—but that is another story, and we had better keep things pleasant, and not start a discussion.

The man who had been away from town for several months was chatting with some friends at the club.

"By the way, did Goodfellow tell you that he is married now?" one asked.

"Is he, really?" was the response. "No, he didn't. And," he added, "that's one thing I always liked about friend Goodfellow—he always keeps his troubles to himself."

Mark Twain, so the story runs, was one day walking on the street in Hannibal, Mo., when he met a woman with her youthful family. "So, this is the little girl, eh?" Mark said to her, as she proudly displayed her children. "And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?"

"Yassah," the woman replied, "yassah, dat's a gal, too."

At a political meeting the speaker made a jest and, finding that his audience had missed the point, he said playfully:

"I had hoped that you would laugh at that!"

Then from a remote corner of the hall a

plaintive voice broke the silence: "I laughed, Mister." And then everybody laughed!

A schoolgirl being required to write an essay of 250 words about a motor car, submitted the following:

"My uncle bought a motor car. He was riding in the country, when it busted up a hill. I think this is about twenty words. The other two hundred and thirty are what my uncle said when he was walking back to town—but they are not fit for publication!"

A MIGHTY GOOD TIP

A wild-eyed, disheveled gentleman, apparently from the country, rushed into the police station shouting that he had been robbed.

The sergeant finally succeeded in soothing him into coherency. "Now, let's hear all about it," said he.

"Well, half an hour before we reached St. Paul I had five thousand dollars in paper that I was bringing here to put in the bank. When I got outside the depot, I couldn't find it anywhere. I don't know where it went to. That money means a whole lot to me. If I don't——"

"Now, now, don't get excited again," exclaimed the officer. "That train breaks up here. Maybe the porter saw your money when he was cleaning up. I'll send for him."

"Did you see anything of a small package when you were cleaning up your car?" the sergeant asked when the porter arrived.

"Yaas, sah. It's a mighty sight o' money, sah."

"Where is it now?"

"It am here, sah," and he produced it from an inside pocket.

The gentleman from the country cheered up perceptibly when he saw the roll.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "And it's all here, is it, the whole five thousand dollars?"

"Now, look here, Porter," said the officer severely, "I want to know why you didn't turn that package in the minute you found it?"

"Why, sah," he replied, in an injured tone, "I supposed de gemman had left it for a Tip!"

THE REASON

Several Senators, on their way to their onerous duties at Washington, fell to discussing why it is that while the white race seems prone to self-destruction, the negro never commits suicide.

They called up the negro porter of the car. "Sam," they said, "why is it that white men commit suicide, while those of your race never do?"

"I think I gets your pint," was the prompt response, "but it's a hard question, Boss. 'Pears to me like this way: The white man has family troubles, or loses his money, an' he worries an' he worries, till he goes plumb distracted, an' then he shoots hisself. The negro, he has troubles too, plenty of 'em, an' he worries till he jist can't stand it no longer—an' then he rolls over an' goes to sleep!"

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

They say, over in England, that we Americans say—telaphone, telagraph, and so on. And then they have the hardihood to declare that over on this side of the Big Water we say, "There are three ways of conveying intelligence rapidly—'telaphone, telagraph and tell a woman!'" It's simply outrageous!

But, what does John Bull think of the following: A certain English foreman in one of

the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy, a typical young American, with no knowledge of Cockney English, obeyed with alacrity, for he was hungry.

"Where is my lunch?" shortly after demanded the foreman.

The boy gazed at him in amazement. "You told me to eat it up, and I did what you said," he announced.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up. I told you to 'eat it up!" roared the irate foreman.

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster stoutly, "I ate it cold!"

GUBERNATORIAL AMENITIES

When Senator Bob Taylor was Governor of Tennessee he received a letter from an inmate of the Missouri State penitentiary who alleged his name was also Taylor and, claiming kin with the Governor, begged him to use all the influence of his high office to succor a relative in deep distress.

Accordingly Governor Taylor addressed a letter to Governor Francis of Missouri, as follows:

"My Dear Governor Francis: You've got a fellow named Taylor in your penitentiary who says he's a relative of mine. If you can see your way clear to do it, I wish you would pardon him—and if any of your kinsfolk ever get in the Tennessee Pen, I'll be most happy to return the favor.

Yours,

"Robert Taylor, Governor."

A wise old owl sat on an oak:
The more he saw the less he spoke:
The less he spoke the more he heard—
Why can't you be like that wise old bird?

A KEEN SCENT

The smart Aleck went into the fruit store. He handed the clerk a bit of paper on which was written:

A 8 ?

The clerk wasn't getting his six dollars a week just for counting out grapefruit, and things, and looking pleasant, and he promptly wrote beneath it just one word:

Musk

"You're a wise guy!" said the Smart Aleck, and he put down the price, one cent, took the goods, a Fig, and departed.

A spectator of the transaction, being an ordinary lunkhead, said he might as well be a goat, too. "What's the answer?" asked he.

Replies the clerk, "The Smart Aleck shoves me the paper with the A 8 on it. Easy mark! A figure eight equals, A Fig. Your rate? Wanted a Fig. How much would it come to—see? I shoved the paper back to him with MUSK written on it: that is to say, Musk, a scent. That's how much it would be. See?"

STALLED

An old darkey, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol Hill, Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms of January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit-skin cap, shivering, while the mule trembled with the intense cold.

Two Congressmen, waiting for a belated car, were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered, as time went on and the old darkey made no effort to depart, what ailed the old fellow?

The old darkey pointed a trembling finger at his team and replied:

"'Cause dis yere mule o' mine won't go onless I whistle at him, an', yo' honah, it's so darn col' I jist cyarnt whistle!"

A gravedigger had the habit of visiting the cemetery every night, about midnight, to see that all was going well.

Some boys decided to play a trick on the old man. They dug a trench in a dark spot the gravedigger always passed in making the Grand Rounds, and one of their number, clothed in a white sheet, hid behind a tree.

The gravedigger at midnight duly appeared

and, sure enough, he stumbled and fell into the trench.

Then the boy in the sheet stepped out and said in a hollow voice:

"Here, what you doin' in my grave?"

"And what are you doing out of it, I'd like to know!" was the prompt reply.

Quickness in repartee has been credited to Paderewski. A gentleman once introduced the pianist to the champion Polo player of England, and added, "You are both leaders in your several professions, though they are, of course, very different."

"Not so very different as might be supposed," replied the pianist. My new friend is a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I am a dear Pole who plays solo!"

I see you have your arm in a sling," said

the inquisitive fellow passenger. "Broken, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it's broken," was the answer.

"Met with an accident, I presume?"

"No. Broke it trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott! What for?"

"For minding my own business."

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

My morning paper tells me that
I am too poor to buy a hat:
The price of leather for my shoes
Will make me barefoot, heels and toes:
I cannot buy a vest or coat—
And so, I'll do as does the goat.
I hoped for cheaper rates on pants,
But now I see of that no chance,
While, most of all, they do me hurt

By robbing me of any shirt.
I'll have to do as Adam did,
When right behind the bush he hid,
And then, perhaps, kind providence
Will help me clothe without expense—
The Profiteers and Booster Pigs
Have overlooked the leaves of figs.
But if, by any sad mischance,
The price of Fig Leaves should advance—
Then, stripped of all my worldly goods,
I'll run away into the woods!

—The Goat.

SUPERSTITION

"Talking about omens," said the ex-Canadian soldier, "a mighty queer thing happened in the Boer war. A troop of mounted rifles were returning after a hard day's scouting to our camp near Middleburg in the eastern part of the Transvaal. On our way back we had to pass the town cemetery, which was on the side

of a hill. Near the gate of the cemetery stood a shed in which was kept the town hearse.

"The doors of this building were open, as we were riding past, and in some manner the blocks, which were usually kept under the wheels of the hearse, must have become dislodged, for the hearse slowly moved out of the shed, and rolled down the hill right into the middle of our party, and the men scattered in all directions.

"The officer in charge of the troop ordered four men to dismount and take the hearse back. Now comes the queer part. Soon after this we went to Cape Town and took shipping for home. Every man of that scouting party returned alive and well to Canada, except the four men who handled that uncanny hearse. Not a man of that detail returned."

The former warrior here paused, and heaved

a sorrowful sigh. "Good men, and true comrades they were," said he.

"Have another drink," said the bartender, "and tell us how the poor fellows died."

Silently the soldier drank to the memory of his comrades, set down the empty glass, and began to edge toward the door.

"The reason they did not come back was because two of them got jobs in Cape Town, and the other two married Boer widows, and settled down on farms—and unless they died since, they must be there still."

A FAIR WARNING!

An American tourist, looking around in France to see what he could see, one day visited a school and, picking up a book from a desk, he opened the book and found the following treasure on the fly-leaf—with the accompanying inscription beneath it—

"Aspice Pierrot pendu
Qui librum n'a pas rendu—
Si librum reddisset,
Pierrot pendu non fuisset!"

Which singular mixture of Latin and French being freely translated would run about this way—

Behold young Peter hanged by the neck,
Who failed to return a book!
If he had returned the book,
Peter would not have been hanged by the neck!

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